THE SPANISH FRYAR

OR,

The Double Diſcovery.

Acted at the

Dukes Theatre.

Ut melius poſſis fallere, ſume togam.——Ma.
——*Alterna reviſens*
Luſit, & in ſolido rurſus fortuna locavit. Vir.

Written by *John Dryden*, Servant to His MAJESTY.

LONDON,
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TO

The Right Honourable

JOHN

LORD *HAUGHTON.*

MY LORD,

WHEN I first design'd this Play I found or thought I found somewhat so moving in the serious part of it, and so pleasant in the Comick, as might deserve a more than ordinary Care in both: Accordingly I us'd the best of my endeavour, in the management of two Plots, so very different from each other, that it was not perhaps the Tallent of every Writer, to have made them of a piece. Neither have I attempted other Playes of the same nature, in my opinion, with the same Judgment; though with like succeß. And though many Poets may suspect themselves for the fondneß and partiality of Parents to their youngest Children, yet I hope I may stand exempted from this Rule, because I know my self too well to be ever satisfied with my own Conceptions, which have seldom reach'd to those Idea's *that I had within me: and consequently, I presume I may have liberty to judge when I write more or leß pardonably, as an ordinary Markeß-man may know certainly when he shoots leß wide at what he aymes. Besides, the Care and Pains I have bestowed on this beyond my other Tragi-comedies may reasonably make the World conclude, that either I can doe nothing tolerably, or that this Poem is not much amiss. Few good Pictures have been finish'd at one sitting; neither can a true just Play, which is to bear the Test of Ages, be produc'd at a heat, or by the force of fancie, without the maturity of judgment. For my own part, I have both so just a Diffidence of my self, and so great a Reverence for my Audience, that I dare venture no-*

thing without a ſtrict Examination; and am as much aſham'd to put a looſe indigeſted Play upon the Publick, as I ſhould be to offer braſs money in a Payment: For though it ſhou'd be taken, (as it is too often on the Stage,) yet it will be found in the ſecond telling: And a judicious Reader will diſcover in his Cloſſet that traſhy ſtuffe, whoſe glittering deceiv'd him in the action. I have often heard the Stationer ſighing in his ſhop, and wiſhing for thoſe hands to take off his melancholy bargain which clapp'd its Performance on the Stage. In a Play-houſe every thing contributes to impoſe upon the Judgment; the Lights, the Scenes, the Habits, and, above all, the Grace of Action, which is commonly the beſt where there is the moſt need of it, ſurprize the Audience, and caſt a miſt upon their Underſtandings; not unlike the cunning of a Jugler, who is always ſtaring us in the face, and overwhelming us with gibberiſh, onely that he may gain the opportunity of making the cleaner conveyance of his Trick. But theſe falſe Beauties of the Stage are no more laſting than a Rainbow; when the Actor ceaſes to ſhine upon them, when he guilds them no longer with his reflection, they vaniſh in a twinkling. I have ſometimes wonder'd, in the reading, what was become of thoſe glaring Colours which amaz'd me in Buſſy Damboys *upon the Theatre: but when I had taken up what I ſuppos'd, a fallen Star, I found I had been cozen'd with a Jelly: nothing but a cold dull maſs, which glitter'd no longer than it was ſhooting: A dwarfiſh thought dreſs'd up in gigantick words, repetition in aboundance, looſeneſs of expreſſion, and groſs Hyperboles; the Senſe of one line expanded prodigiouſly into ten: and, to ſum up all, uncorrect Engliſh, and a hideous mingle of falſe Poetry and true Nonſenſe; or, at beſt, a ſcantling of wit which lay gaſping for life, and groaning beneath a Heap of Rubbiſh. A famous modern Poet us'd to ſacrifice every year a* Statius *to* Virgil's *Manes: and I have Indignation enough to burn a* D'amboys *annually to the memory of* Johnſon. *But now, My Lord, I am ſenſible, perhaps too late, that I have gone too far: for I remember ſome Verſes of my own* Maximin *and* Almanzor *which cry, Vengeance upon me for their Extravagance, and which I wiſh heartily in the ſame fire with* Statius *and* Chapman: *All I can ſay for thoſe paſſages, which are I hope not many, is, that I knew they were bad enough to pleaſe, even when I writ them: But I repent of them amongſt my Sins: and if any of their fellows intrude by chance into my preſent Writings, I draw a ſtroke over all thoſe* Dalilahs *of*

the

the Theatre; and am reſolv'd I will ſettle my ſelf no reputation by the applauſe of fools. 'Tis not that I am mortified to all ambition, but I ſcorn as much to take it from half-witted Judges, as I ſhou'd to raiſe an Eſtate by cheating of Bubbles. Neither do I diſcommend the lofty ſtyle in Tragedy which is naturally pompous and magnificent: but nothing is truly ſublime that is not juſt and proper. If the Ancients had judg'd by the ſame meaſures which a common Reader takes, they had concluded Statius *to have written higher than* Virgil: *for,*

Quæ ſuperimpoſito moles geminata Coloſſo,

carries a more thundring kind of ſound than,

Tityre tu patulæ recubans ſub tegmine fagi:

Tet Virgil *had all the Majeſty of a lawfull Prince; and* Statius *onely the bluſtring of a Tyrant. But when men affect a Vertue which they cannot reach, they fall into a Vice, which bears the neareſt reſemblance to it. Thus an injudicious Poet who aims at Loftineſs runs eaſily into the ſwelling puffie ſtyle, becauſe it looks like Greatneſs. I remember, when I was a Boy, I thought inimitable* Spencer *a mean Poet in compariſon of* Sylveſter's Dubartas: *and was rapt into an ecſtaſie when I read theſe lines:*

Now, when the Winter's keener breath began
To Chryſtallize the Baltick Ocean;
To glaze the Lakes, to bridle up the Floods,
And periwig with Snow the bald-pate Woods:

I am much deceiv'd if this be not abominable fuſtian, that is, thoughts and words ill ſorted, and without the leaſt relation to each other: yet I dare not anſwer for an Audience, that they wou'd not clap it on the Stage: ſo little value there is to be given to the common cry, that nothing but Madneſs can pleaſe Mad-men, and a Poet muſt be of a piece with the Spectators, to gain a reputation with them. But, as in a room, contriv'd for State, the height of the roof ſhou'd bear a proportion to the Area; ſo, in the Heightnings of Poetry, the ſtrength and vehemence of Figures ſhou'd be ſuited to the Occaſion, the Subject, and the Perſons. All beyond this is monſtrous; 'tis out of nature, 'tis an excreſcence, and not a living part of Poetry. I had not ſaid thus much, if ſome young Gallants, who pretend to Criticiſm, had not told me that this Tragi-comedy wanted the dignity of ſtyle: but as a man who is charg'd with a Crime of which he thinks himſelf innocent, is apt to be too eager in his own defence, ſo perhaps I have vindicated my Play

with more partiality than I ought, or than ſuch a trifle can deſerve. Yet, whatever beauties it may want, 'tis free at leaſt from the groſneſs of thoſe faults I mention'd: What Credit it has gain'd upon the Stage, I value no farther than in reference to my Profit, and the ſatisfaction I had in ſeeing it repreſented with all the juſtneſs and gracefulneſs of Action. But as 'tis my Intereſt to pleaſe my Audience, ſo 'tis my Ambition to be read; that I am ſure is the more laſting and the nobler Deſign: for the propriety of thoughts and words, which are the hidden beauties of a Play, are but confus'dly judg'd in the vehemence of Action: All things are there beheld, as in a haſty motion, where the objects onely glide before the Eye and diſappear. The moſt diſcerning Critick can judge no more of theſe ſilent graces in the Action, than he who rides Poſt through an unknown Countrey can diſtinguiſh the ſcituation of places, and the nature of the ſoyle. The purity of phraſe, the clearneſs of conception and expreſſion, the boldneſs maintain'd to Majeſty, the ſignificancie and ſound of words, not ſtrain'd into bombaſt, but juſtly elevated, in ſhort, thoſe very words and thoughts which cannot be chang'd but for the worſe, muſt of neceſſity eſcape our tranſient view upon the Theatre: and yet without all theſe a Play may take. For if either the Story move us, or the Actor help the lameneſs of it with his performance, or now and then a glittering beam of wit or paſſion ſtrike through the obſcurity of the Poem, any of theſe are ſufficient to effect a preſent liking, but not to fix a laſting admiration; for nothing but Truth can long continue; and Time is the ſureſt Judge of Truth. I am not vain enough to think I have left no faults in this, which that touchſtone will not diſcover; neither indeed is it poſſible to avoid them in a Play of this nature. There are evidently two Actions in it: But it will be clear to any judicious man, that with half the pains I could have rais'd a Play from either of them: for this time I ſatisfied my own humour, which was to tack two Plays together; and to break a rule for the pleaſure of variety. The truth is, the Audience are grown weary of continu'd melancholy Scenes: and I dare venture to propheſie, that few Tragedies except thoſe in Verſe ſhall ſucceed in this Age, if they are not lighten'd with a courſe of mirth. For the Feaſt is too dull and ſolemn without the Fiddles. But how difficult a task this is, will ſoon be try'd: for a ſeveral Genius is requir'd to either way; and without both of 'em, a man, in my opinion, is but half a Poet for the Stage. Neither is it ſo trivial an undertaking, to make a Tragedy end happily; for 'tis more difficult to ſave

than

than 'tis to kill. The Dagger and the Cup of Poison are alwaies in a readiness; but to bring the Action to the last extremity, and then by probable means to recover all, will require the Art and Judgment of a Writer; and cost him many a pang in the performance.

And now, My Lord, I must confess that what I have written looks more like a Preface than a Dedication; and truly it was thus far my design, that I might entertain you with somewhat in my own Art which might be more worthy of a noble mind, than the stale exploded Trick of fulsome Panegyricks. 'Tis difficult to write justly on any thing, but almost impossible in Praise. I shall therefore wave so nice a subject; and onely tell you, that in recommending a Protestant Play to a Protestant Patron, as I doe my self an Honour, so I do your Noble Family a right, who have been alwaies eminent in the support and favour of our Religion and Liberties. And if the promises of your Youth, your Education at home, and your Experience abroad, deceive me not, the Principles you have embrac'd are such as will no way degenerate from your Ancestors, but refresh their memory in the minds of all true English-men, *and renew their lustre in your Person; which, My Lord, is not more the wish than it is the constant expectaton of your Lordship's*

Most obedient,

faithfull Servant,

John Dryden.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

NOW Luck for us, and a kind hearty Pit;
For he who pleaſes, never failes of Wit:
Honour is yours:
And you, like Kings, at City Treats beſtow it;
The Writer kneels, and is bid riſe a Poet:
But you are fickle Sovereigns, to our Sorrow,
You dubb to day, and hang a man to morrow;
You cry the ſame Senſe up, and down again,
Juſt like braſs mony once a year in Spain:
Take you i'th' mood, what e'er baſe metal come,
You coin as faſt as Groats at Bromingam:
Though 'tis no more like Senſe in ancient Plays,
Than Rome's *Religion like St.* Peter's *days.*
In ſhort, ſo ſwift your Judgments turn and wind,
You caſt our fleeteſt Wits a mile behind.
'Twere well your Judgments but in Plays did range,
But ev'n your Follies and Debauches change
With ſuch a Whirl, the Poets of your age
Are tyr'd, and cannot ſcore 'em on the Stage,
Unleſs each Vice in ſhort-hand they indite,
Ev'n as notcht Prentices whole Sermons write.
The heavy Hollanders *no Vices know*
But what they us'd a hundred years ago,
Like honeſt Plants, where they were ſtuck, they grow;
They cheat, but ſtill from cheating Sires they come;
They drink, but they were chriſt'ned firſt in Mum.
Their patrimonial Sloth the Spaniards *keep,*
And Philip *firſt taught* Philip *how to ſleep.*
The French *and we ſtill change, but here's the Curſe,*
They change for better, and we change for worſe;
They take up our old trade of Conquering,
And we are taking theirs, to dance and ſing:
Our Fathers did for change to France *repair,*
And they for change will try our Engliſh *Air.*
As Children, when they throw one Toy away,
Strait a more fooliſh Gugaw comes in play:
So we, grown penitent, on ſerious thinking,
Leave Whoring, and devoutly fall to Drinking.

Scowring

The Prologue.

Scowring the Watch grows out of fashion wit
Now we set up for Tilting in the Pit;
Where 'tis agreed by Bullies, chicken-hearted,
To fright the Ladies first, and then be parted.
A fair Attempt has twice or thrice been made,
To hire Night-murth'rers, and make Death a Trade.
When Murther's out, what Vice can we advance?
Unless the new found Pois'ning Trick of France:
And when their Art of Rats-bane *we have got,*
By way of thanks, we'll send 'em o'er our Plot.

---

a Drama-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Leonora, Queen of *Arragon*,	Mrs. *Barry*.
Tereſa, Woman to *Leonora*,	Mrs. *Croſis*.
Elvira, Wife to *Gomez*,	Mrs. *Betterton*.
Torriſmond,	Mr. *Betterton*.
Bertran,	Mr. *Williams*.
Alphonſo,	Mr. *Wiliſheir*.
Lorenzo, his Son,	Mr. *Smith*.
Raymond,	Mr. *Gillow*.
Pedro,	Mr. *Underhill*.
Gomez,	Mr. *Nokes*.
Dominic, the Spaniſh Fryar,	Mr. *Lee*.

THE

THE SPANISH FRYAR:

OR, THE

Double Diſcovery.

ACT I.

Alphonſo, Pedro *meet, with Souldiers on each ſide, Drums*, &c.

Alph. STand: give the Word.
Pedro, The Queen of *Arragon.*
Alph. Pedro? —— how goes the night?
Pedr. She wears apace.
Alph. Then welcom day-light: We ſhall have warm work on't:
The *Moore* will 'gage
His utmoſt Forces on this next Aſſault,
To win a Queen and Kingdom.
Pedro, Pox o' this Lyon-way of wooing though:
Is the Queen ſtirring yet?
Alph. She has not been abed: but in her Chapel
All night devoutly watch'd: and brib'd the Saints
With Vows for her Deliverance.
Pedro, O, *Alphonſo*,

I fear they come too late! her Father's crimes
Sit heavy on her; and weigh down her prayers:
A Crown uſurp'd; a lawfull King depos'd;
In bondage held; debarr'd the common light;
His Children murther'd, and his Friends deſtroy'd:
What can we leſs expect then what we feel,
And what we fear will follow?

Alph. Heav'n avert it!

Pedro, Then Heav'n muſt not be Heav'n: Judge the event
By what has paſs'd: Th' Uſurper joy'd not long
His ill-got Crown! 'Tis true, he dy'd in peace:
Unriddle that ye Pow'rs: But left his Daughter,
Our preſent Queen, ingag'd, upon his death-bed,
To marry with young *Bertran*, whoſe curs'd Father
Had help'd to make him great.
Hence, you well know, this fatal War aroſe;
Becauſe the *Moore*, *Abdalla*, with whoſe Troops
Th' Uſurper gain'd the Kingdom, was refus'd;
And, as an Infidel, his Love deſpis'd.

Alph. Well; we are Souldiers, *Pedro*: and, like Lawyers,
Plead for our Pay.

Pedro, A good Cauſe wou'd doe well though:
It gives my Sword an Edge: You ſee this *Bertran*
Has now three times been beaten by the *Moores*:
What hope we have, is in young *Torriſmond*,
Your brother's Son.

Alph. He's a ſucceſsfull Warriour,
And has the Souldiers hearts: Upon the skirts
Of *Arragon*, our ſquander'd Troops he rallies:
Our Watchmen, from the Tow'rs, with longing Eyes
Expect his ſwift Arrival.

Pedro, It muſt be ſwift, or it will come too late.

Alph. No more: —— Duke *Bertran*.

[*Enter* Bertran, *attended*.

Bertr. Relieve the Centrys that have watch'd all night.
To *Ped.* Now, Collonel, have you diſpos'd your men,
That you ſtand idle here?

Pedro, Mine are drawn off,
To take a ſhort repoſe.

Bertr. Short let it be:

For, from the *Moorish* Camp, this hour and more,
There has been heard a distant humming noise,
Like Bees disturb'd, and arming in their hives.
What Courage in our Souldiers? Speak! What hope?
Pedro, As much as when Physicians shake their heads,
And bid their dying Patient think of Heav'n.
Our Walls are thinly mann'd: our best Men slain:
The rest, an heartless number, spent with Watching,
And harass'd out with Duty.
Bertran, Good-night all then.
Pedro, Nay, for my part, 'tis but a single life
I have to lose: I'll plant my Colours down
In the mid-breach, and by 'em fix my foot:
Say a short Souldier's Pray'r, to spare the trouble
Of my few Friends above: and then expect
The next fair Bullet.
Alph. Never was known a night of such distraction:
Noise so confus'd and dreadfull: Justling Crowds,
That run, and know not whither: Torches gliding,
Like Meteors, by each other in the streets.
Pedro, I met a reverend, fat, old, gouty Fryar;
With a Paunch swoln so high, his double Chin
Might rest upon't: A true Son of the Church;
Fresh colour'd, and well thriven on his Trade,
Come puffing with his greazy bald-pate Quire,
And fumbling o'er his Beads, in such an Agony,
He told 'em false for fear: About his Neck
There hung a Wench; the Label of his Function;
Whom he shook off, i'faith, methought, unkindly.
It seems the holy Stallion durst not score
Another Sin before he left the world.

[*Enter a* Captain.

Capt. To Arms, My Lord, to Arms.
From the *Moors* Camp the noise grows louder still:
Rattling of Armour, Trumpets, Drums, and Ataballes;
And sometimes Peals of Shouts that rend the Heav'ns,
Like Victory! Then Groans again, and Howlings,
Like those of vanquish'd men: But every Echo
Goes fainter off; and dyes in distant Sounds.
Bertran, Some false Attaque: expect on t'other side:

One to the Gunners on St. *Jago's* Tow'r; Bid 'em, for ſhame,
Level their Cannon lower: On my Soul,
They 're all corrupted with the Gold of *Barbary*
To carry over, and not hurt the *Moor*.

[*Enter ſecond* Captain.

2. *Capt.* My Lord, here's freſh Intelligence arriv'd:
Our Army, led by Valiant *Torriſmond*,
Is now in hot Engagement with the *Moors*;
'Tis ſaid, within their Trenches.

Bertr. I think all Fortune is reſerv'd for him.
He might have ſent us word though;
And then we cou'd have favour'd his Attempt
With Sallies from the Town.——

Alph. It cou'd not be:
We were ſo cloſe block'd up that none cou'd peepe
Upon the Walls and live: But yet 'tis time:——

Bertr. No, 'tis too late; I will not hazard it:
On pain of Death, let no man dare to ſally.

Pedr. (aſide) Oh Envy, Envy, how it works within him!
How now! What means this Show?

Alph. 'Tis a Proceſſion:
The Queen is going to the great Cathedral
To pray for our Succeſs againſt the *Moores*.

Pedro, Very good: She uſurps the Throne; keeps the old King in Priſon; and, at the ſame time, is praying for a Bleſſing: Oh Religion and Roguery, how they go together!

A Proceſſion of Prieſts and Choriſters in white, with Tapers, follow'd by the Queen and Ladies, goes over the Stage: the Choriſters ſinging.

Look down, ye bleſs'd above, look down,
Behold our weeping Matron's Tears,
Behold our tender Virgins Fears,
And with ſucceſs our Armies crown.

Look down, ye bleſs'd above, look down:
Oh! ſave us, ſave us, and our State reſtore;
For Pitty, Pitty, Pitty, we implore;
For Pitty, Pitty, Pitty, we implore.

The

The Proceſſion goes off; and ſhout within.
Then enter Lorenzo, *who kneels to* Alphonſo.

Bertr. to *Alph.* A joyfull Cry: and ſee your Son *Lorenzo*:
Good news kind Heav'n!

Alph. to *Lorenzo*, O, welcome, welcome! Is the General ſafe?
How near our Army? When ſhall we be ſuccour'd?
Or, Are we ſuccour'd? Are the *Moores* remov'd?
Anſwer theſe Queſtions firſt; and then, a Thouſand more:
Anſwer 'em all together.

Lorenzo, Yes, when I have a thouſand Tongues, I will.
The General's well: His Army too is ſafe
As Victory can make 'em: The *Moores* King
Is ſafe enough, I warrant him, for one.
At dawn of day our General cleft his Pate,
Spight of his woollen Night-cap: A ſlight wound:
Perhaps he may recover.

Alphonſo, Thou reviv'ſt me.

Pedro, By my computation now, the Victory was gain'd before the Proceſſion was made for it; and yet it will go hard, but the Prieſts will make a Miracle on't.

Lorenzo, Yes, Faith; we came like bold intruding Gueſts;
And took 'em unprepar'd to give us welcome:
Their Scouts we kill'd; then found their Body ſleeping:
And as they lay confus'd, we ſtumbl'd o'er 'em;
And took what Joint came next; Arms, Heads, or Leggs;
Somewhat undecently: But when men want light
They make but bungling work.

Bertr. I'll to the Queen,
And bear the News.

Pedro, That's young *Lorenzo*'s duty.

Bertr. I'll ſpare his trouble. ——
This *Torriſmond* begins to grow too faſt;
He muſt be mine, or ruin'd. *Aſide.*
Lorenzo, *Pedro*, a word: ——*(whiſper.)* [*Exit* Bertran.

Alph. How ſwift he ſhot away! I find it ſtung him,
In ſpight of his diſſembling.
To *Lorenzo*, How many of the Enemy are ſlain?

Lorenzo, Troth, Sir, we were in haſt; and cou'd not ſtay
To ſcore the men we kill'd: But there they lye.
Beſt ſend our Women out to take the tale;
There's Circumciſion in abundance for 'em.

[*Turns to* Pedro *again.*

Alph. How far did you purſue 'em?

Lorenzo, Some few miles.——

To *Pedro*, Good ſtore of Harlots, ſay you, and dog-cheap?

Pedro, They muſt be had; and ſpeedily:
I've kept a tedious Faſt. (*Whiſper again.*)

Alph. When will he make his Entry? He deſerves
Such Triumphs as were giv'n by Ancient *Rome*:
Ha, Boy, What ſaieſt thou?

Lorenzo, As you ſay, Sir, That *Rome* was very ancient——

To *Pedro*, I leave the choice to you; Fair, Black, Tall, Low:
Let her but have a Noſe:——and you may tell her
I'm rich in Jewels, Rings, and bobbing Pearls
Pluck'd from *Moores* ears——

Alph. Lorenzo?

Lorenzo, Somewhat buſie
About Affairs relating to the publick.——
——A ſeaſonable Girl, juſt in the nick now:—— [to *Pedro.*

[*Trumpets within.*

Pedro, I hear the General's Trumpets: Stand, and mark
How he will be receiv'd; I fear, but coldly:
There hung a Cloud, methought, on *Bertran's* brow.

Lorenzo, Then look to ſee a Storm on *Torriſmond's*:
Looks fright not men: The General has ſeen *Moores*,
With as bad Faces; no diſpraiſe to *Bertran's*.

Pedro, 'Twas rumour'd in the Camp, he loves the Queen.

Lorenzo, He drinks her Health devoutly.

Alph. That may breed bad bloud 'twixt him and *Bertran.*

Pedro, Yes, in private:
But *Bertran* has been taught the Arts of Court,
To guild a Face with Smiles; and leer a man to ruin.
O here they come.——

{*Enter* Torriſmond *and Officers on one ſide:*
Bertran *attended on the other: they em-*
brace; Bertran *bowing low.*

Juſt as I propheſy'd.——

Loren-

Lorenzo, Death and Hell, he laughs at him:—in's Face too.

Pedro, O, you miſtake him: 'Twas an humble Grin;
The fawning Joy of Courtiers and of Dogs.

Lorenzo, (Aſide) Here are nothing but Lyes to be expected:
I'll e'en go loſe my ſelf in ſome blind Alley; and try if any courteous Damſel will think me worth the finding. [*Exit* Lorenzo.

Alph. Now he begins to open.

Bertran, Your Country reſcu'd, and your Queen reliev'd!
A glorious Conqueſt; Noble *Torriſmond*!
The People rend the Skyes with loud Applauſe;
And Heav'n can hear no other Name but yours.
The thronging Crowds preſs on you as you paſs;
And, with their eager Joy, make Triumph ſlow.

Torr. My Lord, I have no taſte
Of popular Applauſe; the noiſie Praiſe
Of giddy Crowds, as changeable as Winds;
Still vehement, and ſtill without a cauſe:
Servants to Chance; and blowing in the tyde
Of ſwoln Succeſs; but, veering with its ebbe,
It leaves the channel dry.

Bertran, So young a Stoick!

Torr. You wrong me, if you think I'll ſell one drop
Within theſe Veins for Pageants: But let Honour
Call for my Bloud; and ſluice it into ſtreams;
Turn Fortune looſe again to my purſuit;
And let me hunt her through embattell'd Foes,
In duſty Plains, amidſt the Cannons roar,
There will I be the firſt.

Bert. I'll try him farther——*(aſide.)*
Suppoſe th' aſſembled States of *Arragon*
Decree a Statue to you thus inſcrib'd,
To *Torriſmond*, who freed his native Land.

Alph. to *Pedro*, Mark how he ſounds and fathoms him, to find
The ſhallows of his Soul!

Bertr. The juſt Applauſe
Of God-like Senates, is the Stamp of Vertue,
Which makes it paſs unqueſtion'd through the World:
Theſe Honours you deſerve; nor ſhall my ſuffrage
Be laſt to fix 'em on you: If refus'd,
You brand us all with black Ingratitude;

For times to come ſhall ſay, Our *Spain*, like *Rome*,
Neglects her Champions, after Noble Acts,
And lets their Laurels wither on their heads.
Torriſmond, A Statue, for a Battel blindly fought,
Where Darkneſs and Surpriſe made Conqueſt cheap!
Where Virtue borow'd but the Arms of Chance,
And ſtruck a random blow! 'Twas Fortune's work;
And Fortune take the praiſe.
Bertr. Yet Happineſs
Is the firſt Fame: Vertue without Succeſs
Is a fair Picture ſhown by an ill light:
But lucky men are Favorites of Heaven:
And whom ſhould Kings eſteem above Heaven's Darlings?
The Praiſes of a young and beauteous Queen
Shall crown your glorious Acts.
Pedro to *Alphonſo*, There ſprung the Mine.
Torr. The Queen! That were a happineſs too great!
Nam'd you the Queen, My Lord?
Bertr. Yes: You have ſeen her, and you muſt confeſs
A Praiſe, a Smile, a Look from her is worth
The ſhouts of thouſand Amphitheaters:
She, ſhe ſhall praiſe you; for I can oblige her:
To morrow will deliver all her Charms
Into my Arms; and make her mine for ever.
Why ſtand you mute?
Torr. Alas! I cannot ſpeak.
Bertr. Not ſpeak, My Lord! How were your thoughts employ'd?
Torr. Nor can I think; or I am loſt in thought.
Bertr. Thought of the Queen, perhaps?
Torr. Why, if it were,
Heav'n may be thought on, though too high to climbe.
Bertr. O, now I find where your Ambition drives:
You ought not think of her.
Torr. So I ſay too;
I ought not: Madmen ought not to be mad:
But who can help his frenzy?
Bertr. Fond young Man!
The Wings of your Ambition muſt be clipt;
Your ſhamefac'd Vertue ſhunn'd the Peoples Praiſe,
And Senates Honours: But 'tis well we know

What

What price you hold your self at: you have fought
With some Success, and that has seal'd your Pardon.
Torr. Pardon from thee! O, give me patience Heav'n!
Thrice vanquish'd *Bertran*; if thou dar'st, look out
Upon yon slaughter'd Host, that Field of bloud:
There seal my Pardon, where thy Fame was lost.
Ped. He's ruin'd, past redemption!
Alph. to *Torr.* Learn respect
To the first Prince o'th' bloud.
Bert. O, let him rave!
I'll not contend with Madmen.
Torr. I have done:
I know 'twas Madness to declare this Truth:
And yet 'twere Baseness to deny my Love.
'Tis true, my hopes are vanishing as clouds;
Lighter then childrens bubbles blown by winds:
My merit's but the rash results of chance:
My birth unequal: all the stars against me:
Pow'r, promise, choice; the living and the dead:
Mankind my foes; and onely love to friend:
But such a love, kept at such awfull distance,
As, what it loudly dares to tell, a Rival
Shall fear to whisper there: Queens may be lov'd,
And so may Gods; else, why are Altars rais'd?
Why shines the Sun, but that he may be view'd?
But, Oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
'Tis but to weep; and close our eyes in darkness.
[*Exit* Torrismond.
Bert. 'Tis well: the Goddess shall be told, she shall,
Of her new Worshipper. [*Exit* Bertran.
Pedro, So, here's fine work!
He has supply'd his onely foe with arms
For his destruction. Old *Penelope*'s tale
Inverted: h'has unravell'd all by day
That he has done by night. ——What, Planet-struck!
Alph. I wish I were; to be past sense of this!
Ped. Wou'd I had but a Lease of life so long
As till my Flesh and Bloud rebell'd this way
Against our Sovereign Lady: mad for a Queen?
With a Globe in one hand, and a Sceptre in t'other?

A very pretty Moppet!

Alph. Then to declare his Madneſs to his Rival!
His Father abſent on an Embaſſy:
Himſelf a Stranger almoſt; wholly friendleſs!
A Torrent, rowling down a Precipice,
Is eaſier to be ſtopt, then is his Ruin.

Ped. 'Tis fruitleſs to complain: haſte to the Court:
Improve your intereſt there, for Pardon from the Queen.

Alph. Weak remedies;
But all muſt be attempted. [*Exit* Alphonſo.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Well, I am the moſt unlucky Rogue! I have been ranging over half the Town; but have ſprung no Game. Our Women are worſe Infidels then the *Moores:* I told 'em I was one of their Knight-errants, that deliver'd them from raviſhment: and I think in my conſcience that's their Quarrel to me.

Pedro, Is this a time for fooling? Your Couſin is run honourably mad in love with her Majeſty: He is ſplit upon a Rock; and you, who are in chaſe of Harlots, are ſinking in the main Ocean. I think the Devil's in the Family. [*Exit* Pedro.

[Lorenzo *ſolus.*

Lor. My Couſin ruin'd, ſaies he! hum! not that I wiſh my Kinſman's ruin; that were Unchriſtian: but if the General's ruin'd, I am Heir; there's comfort for a Chriſtian. Money I have, I thank the honeſt *Moores* for't; but I want a Miſtreſs. I am willing to be leud; but the Tempter is wanting on his part.

Enter Elvira *veil'd.*

Elvira, Stranger! Cavalier——will you not hear me? you *Moore-killer*, you *Matador.*——

Lor. Meaning me, Madam?

Elvira, Face about, Man; you a Souldier, and afraid of the Enemy!

Lor. I muſt confeſs, I did not expect to have been charg'd firſt: I ſee Souls will not be loſt for want of diligence in this Devil's reign:
——*Aſide*——

To her. Now; Madam *Cynthia* behind a cloud; your will and pleaſure with me?

Elvira, You have the appearance of a Cavalier; and if you are as deſerving as you ſeem, perhaps you may not repent of your Adventure. If a Lady like you well enough to hold diſcourſe with

you

you at first sight; you are Gentleman enough, I hope, to help her out with an Apology: and to lay the blame on Stars, or Destiny; or what you please, to excuse the Frailty of a Woman.

Lorenzo, O, I love an easie Woman: there's such a doe to crack a thick shell'd Mistress: we break our Teeth; and find no Kernel. 'Tis generous in you, to take pity on a Stranger; and not to suffer him to fall into ill hands at his first arrival.

Elvira, You may have a better opinion of me then I deserve; you have not seen me yet; and therefore I am confident you are heart-whole.

Lorenzo, Not absolutely slain, I must confess; but I am drawing on apace: you have a dangerous Tongue in your head, I can tell you that; and if your Eyes prove of as killing metal, there's but one way with me: Let me see you, for the safeguard of my Honour: 'tis but decent the Cannon should be drawn down upon me, before I yield.

Elvira, What a terrible Similitude have you made, Colonel? to shew that you are inclining to the Wars: I could answer you with another in my Profession: Suppose you were in want of Money; wou'd you not be glad to take a Sum upon content in a seal'd bagg, without peeping?——but however; I will not stand with you for a sample. [*Lifts up her Veil.*

Lorenzo, What Eyes were there! how keen their Glances! you doe well to keep 'em veil'd: they are too sharp to be trusted out o'th' Scabbard.

Elvira, Perhaps now you may accuse my forwardness; but this day of Jubilee is the onely time of freedom I have had: and there is nothing so extravagant as a Prisoner, when he gets loose a little, and is immediately to return into his Fetters.

Lorenzo, To confess freely to you, Madam, I was never in love with less then your whole Sex before: but now I have seen you, I am in the direct road of languishing and sighing: and, if Love goes on as it begins, for ought I know, by to morrow morning you may hear of me in Rhyme and Sonnet. I tell you truly, I do not like these Symptoms in my self: perhaps I may go shufflingly at first; for I was never before walk'd in Trammels; yet I shall drudge and moil at Constancy, till I have worn off the hitching in my pace.

Elvira, Oh, Sir, there are Arts to reclaim the wildest Men, as there are to make Spaniels fetch and carry: chide 'em often, and

feed 'em ſeldom: now I know your temper, you may thank your ſelf if you are kept to hard meat: ——you are in for years if you make love to me.

Lorenzo, I hate a formal obligation with an *Anno Domini* at end on't; there may be an evil meaning in the word Years, call'd Matrimony.

Elvira, I can eaſily rid you of that Fear: I wiſh I could rid my ſelf as eaſily of the bondage.

Lorenzo, Then you are married?

Elvira, If a Covetous, and a Jealous, and an Old man be a husband.

Lor. Three as good qualities for my purpoſe as I could wiſh: now love be prais'd. [*Enter* Elvira's Duenna, *and whiſpers to her.*

Elvira, (*Aſide.*) If I get not home before my Husband, I ſhall be ruin'd. [——*to him.* I dare not ſtay to tell you where——farwell——cou'd I once more—— [*Exit* Elvira.

Lorenzo, This is unconcionable dealing; to be made a Slave, and not know whoſe livery I wear:——Who have we yonder? (*Enter* Gomez.) By that ſhambling in his walk, it ſhould be my rich old Banquer, *Gomez*, whom I knew at *Barcelona*: As I live 'tis he——

To *Gomez*, What, Old *Mammon* here?

Gom. How! Young *Beelzebub!*

Lorenzo, What Devil has ſet his Claws in thy Hanches, and brought thee hither to *Saragoſſa*? Sure he meant a farther Journey with thee.

Gom. I alwaies remove before the Enemy: When the *Moores* are ready to beſiege one Town, I ſhift quarters to the next: I keep as far from the Infidels as I can.

Lor. That's but a hair's breadth at fartheſt.

Gom. Well, You have got a famous Victory; all true Subjects are overjoy'd at it: there are Bonfires decreed: and the times had not been hard, my Billet ſhould have burnt too.

Lor. I dare ſay for thee, thou haſt ſuch a reſpect for a ſingle Billet, thou would'ſt almoſt have thrown on thy ſelf to ſave it: thou art for ſaving every thing but thy Soul.

Gom. Well, well, You'll not believe me generous 'till I carry you to the Tavern, and crack half a Pint with you at my own charges.

Lor.

Lor. No; I'll keep thee from hanging thy ſelf for ſuch an extravagance: and, inſtead of it, thou ſhalt doe me a meer verbal courteſie: I have juſt now ſeen a moſt incomparable young Lady.

Gom. Whereabouts did you ſee this moſt incomparable young Lady? my mind miſgives me plaguily.—*(Aſide.)*

Lor. Here, man; juſt before this Corner-houſe: Pray Heaven it prove no Bawdy-houſe.

Gom. (Aſide.) Pray heaven he does not make it one.

Lor. What doſt thou mutter to thy ſelf? Haſt thou any thing to ſay againſt the Honeſty of that houſe?

Gom. Not I, Colonel, the Walls are very honeſt Stone, and the Timber very honeſt Wood, for ought I know. But for the Woman, I cannot ſay, till I know her better: deſcribe her perſon; and, if ſhe live in this quarter, I may give you tidings of her.

Lor. She's of a middle Stature, dark colour'd Hair, the moſt bewitching Leer with her Eyes, the moſt roguiſh Caſt; her Cheeks are dimpled when ſhe ſmiles; and her Smiles would tempt an Hermit.

Gom. (Aſide.) I am dead, I am buried, I am damn'd.——Go on—— Colonel——have you no other Marks of her?

Lor. Thou haſt all her Marks; but that ſhe has an Husband; a jealous, covetous, old Huncks: ſpeak; canſt thou tell me News of her?

Gom. Yes; this News, Colonel; that you have ſeen your laſt of her.

Lor. If thou helpſt me not to the knowledge of her, thou art a circumciſed *Jew.*

Gom. Circumciſe me no more then I circumciſe you, Colonel *Hernando:* once more you have ſeen your laſt of her.

Lor. (Aſide.) I am glad he knows me onely by that Name of *Hernando*, by which I went at *Barcelona:* now he can tell no tales of me to my Father.

To him. Come, thou wert ever good-natur'd, when thou couldſt get by't: —Look here, Rogue, 'tis of the right damning colour: ——thou art not Proof againſt Gold, ſure! ——do not I know thee for a covetous,——

Gomez, Jealous, old Huncks: thoſe were the Marks of your Miſtreſſe's Husband, as I remember, Colonel.

Lor. Oh, the Devil! What a Rogue in underſtanding was I, not to find him out ſooner! *(Aſide.)*

Gom. Do, do, Look ſillily, good Colonel: 'tis a decent Melancholy after an abſolute Defeat.

Lor. Faith, not for that, dear *Gomez*; ——but,

Gom. But——no Pumping, My dear Colonel.

Lor. Hang Pumping; I was—— thinking a little upon a point of Gratitude: we two have been long Acquaintance; I know thy Merits, and can make ſome Intereſt: go to; thou wert born to Authority: I'll make thee *Alcaide* Mayor of *Sarragoſſa*.

Gom. Satisfie your ſelf; you ſhall not make me what you think, Colonel.

Lor. Faith but I will; thou haſt the Face of a Magiſtrate already.

Gom. And you would provide me with a Magiſtrate's Head to my Magiſtrate's Face; I thank you Colonel.

Lor. Come, thou art ſo ſuſpicious upon an idle Story—— that Woman I ſaw, I mean that little, crooked, ugly Woman; for t'other was a Lye; ——is no more thy Wife: ——As I'll go home with thee, and ſatisfie thee immediately, My dear Friend.

Gom. I ſhall not put you to that trouble: no not ſo much as a ſingle Viſit: not ſo much as an Embaſſy by a civil, old Woman: nor a Serenade of *Twinckledum, Twinckledum*, under my windows: Nay, I will adviſe you out of my tenderneſs to your Perſon, that you walk not near yon Corner-houſe by night; for to my certain knowledg, there are Blunderbuſſes planted in every loop-hole, that go off conſtantly of their own accord, at the ſqueaking of a Fiddle, and the thrumming of a Ghittar.

Lor. Art thou ſo obſtinate? Then I denounce open War againſt thee: I'll demoliſh thy Citadel by force: or, at leaſt, I'll bring my whole Regiment upon thee: my thouſand Red Locuſts that ſhall devour thee in Free-quarter. ——Farwell wrought Night-cap.

[*Exit* Lorenzo.

Gom. Farwell Buff! Free-quarter for a Regiment of Red-coat Locuſts? I hope to ſee 'em all in the Red-ſea firſt! ——But oh, this *Jezabel* of mine! I'll get a Phyſician that ſhall preſcribe her an ounce of *Camphire* every morning for her Breakfaſt, to abate Incontinency: ſhe ſhall never peep abroad, no, not to Church for Confeſſion; and for never going, ſhe ſhall be condemn'd for a Heretick: ſhe ſhall have Stripes by *Troy* weight; and Suſtenance by drachms and ſcruples: Nay, I'll have a Faſting

ſting Almanack printed on purpoſe for her uſe; in which,
No Carnival nor Chriſtmaſs ſhall appear;
But Lents and Ember-weeks ſhall fill the year.

[*Exit* Gomez.

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Queen's Anti-chamber.*

Alphonſo, Pedro.

Alph. When ſaw you my *Lorenzo?*

Ped. I had a glimpſe of him; but he ſhot by me
Like a young Hound upon a burning ſcent:
He's gon a Harlot-hunting.

Alph. His foreign breeding might have taught him better.

Ped. 'Tis that has taught him this:
What learn our Youth abroad; but to refine
The homely Vices of their native Land?
Give me an honeſt homeſpun countrey Clown
Of our own growth; his dulneſs is but plain;
But their's embroider'd: they are ſent out Fools,
And come back Fopps.

Alph. You know what reaſons urg'd me;
But now I have accompliſh'd my Deſigns,
I ſhou'd be glad he knew 'em: ——his wild Riots
Diſturb my Soul; but they wou'd ſit more cloſe,
Did not the threatn'd down-fall of our houſe,
In *Torriſmond*, o'erwhelm my private Ills.

{ *Enter* Bertran *attended; and whiſpering with a Courtier, aſide.*

Bertr. I wou'd not have her think he dar'd to love her;
If he preſume to own it, ſhe's ſo proud
He tempts his certain ruin.

Alph. to *Ped.* Mark how diſdainfully he throws his Eyes on us.
Our old impriſon'd King wore no ſuch Looks.

Ped. O, wou'd the General ſhake off his Dotage to th' uſurping Queen,

And

And re-inthrone Good, Venerable *Sancho*,
I'll undertake, ſhou'd *Bertran* ſound his Trumpets,
And *Torriſmond* but whiſtle through his Fingers,
He draws his Army off.

Alph. I told him ſo:
But had an Anſwer louder then a Storm.

Ped. Now Plague and Pox on his Smock-loyalty!
I hate to ſee a brave bold Fellow ſotted,
Made ſour and ſenſleſs; turn'd to Whey by Love:
A driveling Hero; fit for a Romance.
O, here he comes; what will their greeting be!

{*Enter* Torriſmond *attended.* Bertran *and he meet and juſtle.*

Bertr. Make way, My Lords, and let the Pageant paſs.

Torr. I make my way where e'er I ſee my Foe:
But you, My Lord, are good at a Retreat:
I have no *Moores* behind me.

Bertr. Death and Hell!
Dare to ſpeak thus when you come out again?

Torr. Dare to provoke me thus, inſulting man?

[*Enter* Tereſa.

Ter. My Lords, You are too loud ſo near the Queen:
You, *Torriſmond*, have much offended her:
'Tis her Command you inſtantly appear,
To anſwer your demeanour to the Prince.

{*Exit* Tereſa; Bertran *with his company follow her.*

Torr. O *Pedro*, O *Alphonſo*, pity me!
A Grove of Pikes
Whoſe poliſh'd Steel from far ſeverely ſhines,
Are not ſo dreadfull as this beauteous Queen.

Alph. Call up your Courage timely to your aid:
And, like a Lion preſs'd upon the Toyles,
Leap on your Hunters: Speak your Actions boldly;
There is a time when modeſt Vertue is
Allow'd to praiſe it ſelf.

Ped. Heart, you were hot enough; too hot, but now;
Your Fury then boil'd upward to a Fome:
But ſince this Meſſage came, you ſink and ſettle;
As if cold water had been pour'd upon you.

Torr.

Torr. Alas, thou know'st not what it is to love!
When we behold an Angel, not to fear,
Is to be impudent;——no I'm resolv'd,
Like a led Victim, to my Death I'll goe;
And, dying, bless the hand that gave the blow. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *draws; and shews the Queen sitting in state,* Bertran *standing next her: then* Teresa, *&c.*

She rises, and comes to the Front.

Qu. *Leonora* to *Bert.* I blame not you, My Lord, my Father's will,
Your own Deserts, and all my People's Voice,
Have plac'd you in the view of Sovereign Pow'r.
But I wou'd learn the cause, why *Torrismond,*
Within my Palace Walls, within my Hearing,
Almost within my Sight, affronts a Prince
Who shortly shall command him.——
Bertr. He thinks you owe him more then you can pay;
And looks, as he were Lord of humane kind.

Enter Torrismond, Alphonso, Pedro. Torrismond *bows low: then looks earnestly on the Queen, and keeps at distance.*

Teresa, Madam, The General.——
Qu. Let me view him well.
My Father sent him early to the Frontiers;——
I have not often seen him; if I did,
He pass'd unmark'd by my unheeding Eyes,
But where's the Fierceness, the Disdainful Pride;
The Haughty Port, the Fiery Arrogance?
By all these Marks, this is not sure the man.
Bertr. Yet this is he who fill'd your Court with Tumult,
Whose Fierce Demeanour, and whose Insolence
The Patience of a God cou'd not support.
Qu. Name his Offence, My Lord, and he shall have
Immediate punishment.
Bertr. 'Tis of so high a nature, shou'd I speak it,
That my Presumption then wou'd equal his.
Qu. Some one among you speak.
Ped. (*Aside.*) Now my Tongue itches.

Qu. All dumb! on your Allegiance, *Torriſmond*,
By all your hopes, I do command you, ſpeak.

Torr. (*kneeling.*) O ſeek not to convince me of a Crime
Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon.
Or, if you needs will know it, think, oh think,
That he, who thus commanded dares to ſpeak,
Unleſs commanded, wou'd have dy'd in ſilence.
But you adjur'd me, Madam, by my hopes!
Hopes I have none; for I am all Deſpair:
Friends I have none; for Friendſhip follows Favour.
Defert I've none; for what I did, was Duty:
Oh, that it were! that it were Duty all!

Qu. Why do you pauſe? proceed.

Torr. As one condemn'd to leap a Precipice,
Who ſees before his Eyes the Depth below,
Stops ſhort, and looks about, for ſome kind Shrub
To break his dreadfull Fall——ſo I;——
But whither am I going? if to Death,
He looks ſo lovely ſweet in Beauties Pomp,
He draws me to his Dart.——I dare no more.

Bertr. He's mad beyond the Cure of *Hellebore*.
Whips, Darkneſs, Dungeons, for this Inſolence.——

Torr. Mad as I am, yet I know when to bear.——

Qu. You're both too bold. You, *Torriſmond*, withdraw:
I'll teach you all what's owing to your Queen.
For you, My Lord,——
The Prieſt to morrow was to join our hands;
I'll try if I can live a day without you.
So, both of you depart; and live in Peace.

Alph. Who knows which way ſhe points!
Doubling and turning, like an hunted Hare.
Find out the Meaning of her mind who can.

Pedr. Who ever found a Woman's! backward and forward,
The whole Sex in every word. In my Conſcience when ſhe was getting, her Mother was thinking of a Riddle.

[*Exeunt all, but the* Queen *and* Tereſa.

Queen, Haſt, my *Tereſa*, haſt; and call him back.

Tereſa, Whom, Madam? (*Queen.*) Him. (*Ter.*) Prince *Bertran?* (*Qu.*) *Torriſmond.*
There is no other He.

Ter. (*Aſide.*)

Ter. (Aside.) A rising Sun;
Or I am much deceiv'd. [*Exit* Teresa.

Queen, A change so swift, what heart did ever feel!
It rush'd upon me, like a mighty Stream,
And bore me in a moment far from Shore.
I've lov'd away my self: in one short hour
Already am I gon an Age of Passion.
Was it his Youth, his Valour, or Success?
These might perhaps be found in other men.
'Twas that respect; that awfull homage pay'd me;
That fearfull Love which trembled in his Eyes;
And, with a silent Earthquake, shook his Soul.
But, when he spoke, what tender words he said!
So softly, that, like flakes of feather'd Snow,
They melted as they fell——

Enter Teresa, *with* Torrismond.

Ter. He waits your pleasure.

Qu. 'Tis well; retire——Oh Heaven's, that I must speak
So distant from my heart——*(aside.)*
To *Torr.* How now! What Boldness brings you back again?

Torr. I heard 'twas your Command.

Qu. A fond mistake,
To credit so unlikely a Command.
And you return full of the same Presumption
T'affront me with your Love?

Torr. If 'tis Presumption for a Wretch condemn'd
To throw himself beneath his Judge's feet:
A Boldness, more then this, I never knew;
Or, if I did, 'twas onely to your Foes.

Qu. You wou'd insinuate your past Services;
And those, I grant, were great: but you confess
A Fault committed since, that cancels all.

Torr. And who cou'd dare to disavow his Crime,
When that, for which he is accus'd and seiz'd,
He bears about him still! my Eyes confess it.
My every action speaks my heart aloud.
But, oh, the Madness of my high attempt
Speaks louder yet! and all together cry,
I love and I despair.

Qu. Have you not heard,
My Father, with his dying voice, bequeath'd
My Crown and me to *Bertran*? And dare you,
A private man, presume to love a Queen?

Torr. That, that's the Wound! I see you set so high,
As no Desert, or Services, can reach
Good Heav'ns, why gave you me a Monarch's Soul,
And crusted it with base Plebeian Clay!
Why gave you me Desires of such extent,
And such a Span to grasp 'em? Sure my lot
By some o'er-hasty Angel was misplac'd
In Fate's Eternal Volume!——But I rave,
And, like a giddy Bird, in dead of night,
Fly round the Fire that scorches me to death.

Qu. Yet, *Torrismond*, you've not so ill deserv'd,
But I may give you Counsel for your Cure.

Torr. I cannot, nay, I wish not to be cur'd.

Qu. (*aside.*) Nor I, Heav'n knows!

Torr. There is a Pleasure sure ——
In being Mad, which none but Madmen know!
Let me indulge it: let me gaze for ever!
And, since you are too great to be belov'd,
Be greater, greater yet; and be ador'd.

Qu. These are the words which I must onely hear
From *Bertran*'s mouth; they shou'd displease from you;
I say they shou'd: but women are so vain,
To like the Love, though they despise the Lover.
Yet, that I may not send you from my sight
In absolute despair—I pity you.

Torr. Am I then pity'd! I have liv'd enough!
Death, take me in this moment of my Joy:
But when my Soul is plung'd in long oblivion,
Spare this one Thought: let me remember Pity:
And so deceiv'd, think all my life was bless'd.

Qu. What if I add a little to my Alms?
If that wou'd help, I cou'd cast in a Tear
To your Misfortunes.——

Torr. A Tear! You have o'erbid all my past Sufferings,
And all my future too!

Qu. Were I no Queen ——

Or

Or you of Royal Bloud ———

Torr. What have I lost by my Fore-father's fault?
Why was not I the Twenty'th by descent
From a long restive race of droning Kings?
Love! What a poor omnipotence hast thou
When Gold and Titles buy thee?

Qu. (*sighs.*) Oh, my torture! ———

Torr. Might I presume, but, oh, I dare not hope
That Sigh was added to your Alms for me!

Qu. I give you leave to guess; and not forbid you
To make the best construction for your love.
Be secret and discreet; these Fayery favours
Are lost when not conceal'd; ———provoke not *Bertran.*———
Retire: I must no more but this, Hope, *Torrismond.* [*Exit* Queen.

Torr. She bids me hope; oh Heav'ns; she pities me!
And pity still foreruns approching love;
As Lightning does the Thunder! Tune your Harps
Ye Angels to that sound; and thou, my Heart,
Make room to entertain thy flowing Joy.
Hence all my Griefs, and every anxious Care:
One word, and one kind Glance, can cure despair.
[*Exit* Torrismond.

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

A Table and Wine set out.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. This may hit, 'tis more then barely possible: for Fryars have free admittance into every house. This *Jacobin*, whom I have sent to, is her Confessor; and who can suspect a man of such Reverence for a Pimp? I'll try for once: I'll bribe him high: for commonly none love Money better then they who have made a Vow of Poverty.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There's a huge fat religious Gentleman coming up, Sir, he saies he's but a Fryar, but he's big enough to be a Pope; his Gills are as rosie as a Turkey-Cock; his great Belly walks in state before him like an Harbinger; and his gouty Legs come limping after it: Never was such a Tun of Devotion seen.

Lor. Bring him in, and vaniſh. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter Father Dominic.

Lor. Welcome, Father.

Dom. Peace be here: I thought I had been ſent for to a dying man; to have fitted him for another world.

Lor. No, Faith, Father, I was never for taking ſuch long journeys. Repoſe your ſelf, I beſeech you, Sir, if thoſe ſpindle Legs of yours will carry you to the next Chair.

Dom. I am old, I am infirm, I muſt confeſs, with Faſting.

Lor. 'Tis a ſign by your wan Complexion, and your thin Jouls, Father. Come—— to our better Acquaintance: ——here's a Sovereign Remedy for Old Age and Sorrow. [*Drinks.*

Dom. The Looks of it are indeed alluring: I'll doe you reaſon.

Lor. Is it to your Palate, Father? [*Drinks.*

Dom. Second thoughts, they ſay, are beſt: I'll conſider of it once again. [*Drinks.*
It has a moſt delicious Flavour with it.
Gad forgive me, I have forgotten to drink your health, Son, I am not us'd to be ſo unmannerly. [*Drinks again.*

Lor. No, I'll be ſworn by what I ſee of you, you are not:—— To the bottom.——I warrant him a true Church-man.——Now, Father, to our buſineſs, 'tis agreeable to your Calling; I intend to doe an act of Charity.

Dom. And I love to hear of Charity; 'tis a comfortable ſubject.

Lor. Being in the late Battle, in great hazard of my Life, I recommended my perſon to good St. *Dominic*.

Dom. You cou'd not have pitch'd upon a better: he's a ſure Card: I never knew him fail his Votaries.

Lor. Troth I e'en made bold to ſtrike up a bargain with him, that if I ſcap'd with Life and Plunder, I wou'd preſent ſome Brother of his Order with part of the Booty taken from the Infidels, to be employ'd in charitable uſes.

Dom. There you hit him: St. *Dominic* loves Charity exceedingly: that Argument never fails with him.

Lor. The Spoils were mighty; and I ſcorn to wrong him of a Farthing. To make ſhort my Story; I enquir'd among the *Jacobins* for an Almoner, and the general Fame has pointed out your Reverence as the Worthieſt man: ——here are Fifty good Pieces in this Purſe.

Dom

Dom. How, Fifty Pieces? 'tis too much, too much in Conscience.

Lor. Here; take 'em Father.

Dom. No, in troth, I dare not: do not tempt me to break my Vow of Poverty.

Lor. If you are modest, I must force you: for I am strongest.

Dom. Nay, if you compel me, there's no contending; but will you set your strength against a decrepit, poor, old man?

[*Takes the Purse.*

As I said, 'tis too great a Bounty; but St. *Dominic* shall owe you another Scape: I'll put him in mind of you.

Lor. If you please, Father, we will not trouble him till the next Battle. But you may doe me a greater kindness, by conveying my Prayers to a Female Saint.

Dom. A Female Saint! good now, good now, how your Devotions jump with mine! I alwaies lov'd the Female Saints.

Lor. I mean a Female, mortal, married woman-Saint: Look upon the Superscription of this Note; you know Don *Gomez* his Wife. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Dom. Who, Donna *Elvira?* I think I have some reason: I am her Ghostly Father.

Lor. I have some business of Importance with her, which I have communicated in this Paper; but her Husband is so horribly given to be jealous.——

Dom. Ho, jealous? he's the very Quintessence of Jealousie: he keeps no Male Creature in his house: and from abroad he lets no man come near her.

Lor. Excepting you, Father.

Dom. Me, I grant you: I am her Director and her Guide in spiritual Affairs. But he has his humours with me too: for t'other day, he call'd me False Apostle.

Lor. Did he so? that reflects upon you all: on my word, Father, that touches your Copy-hold. If you wou'd do a meritorious Action, you might revenge the Churche's Quarrrel.—My Letter, Father——

Dom. Well, so far as a Letter, I will take upon me: for what can I refuse to a man so charitably given?

Lor. If you bring an Answer back, that Purse in your hand has a twin-brother, as like him as ever he can look: there are Fifty Pieces lye dormant in it, for more Charities.

Dom.

Dom. That muſt not be: not a Farthing more upon my Prieſthood.—— But what may be the purport and meaning of this Letter; that I confeſs a little troubles me.

Lor. No harm, I warrant you.

Dom. Well, you are a charitable man; and I'll take your word: my comfort is, I know not the Contents; and ſo far I am blameleſs. But an Anſwer you ſhall have: though not for the ſake of your Fifty Pieces more: I have ſworn not to take them: they ſhall not be altogether Fifty: ——your Miſtreſs,—— forgive me that I ſhould call her your Miſtreſs, I meant *Elvira*, lives but at next door; I'll viſit her immediately: but not a word more of the Nine and forty Pieces.——

Lor. Nay, I'll wait on you down Stairs. —Fifty Pounds for the poſtage of a Letter! to ſend by the Church is certainly the deareſt road in Chriſtendom. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Gomez, Elvira.

Gom. Henceforth I baniſh Fleſh and Wine: I'll have none ſtirring within theſe walls theſe twelve months.

Elvira, I care not; the ſooner I am ſtarv'd the ſooner I am rid of Wedlock. I ſhall learn the knack to faſt a days; you have us'd me to faſting nights already.

Gom. How the Gipſey anſwers me! Oh, 'tis a moſt notorious Hilding!

Elvira, (crying.) But was ever poor innocent Creature ſo hardly dealt with, for a little harmleſs Chat?

Gom. Oh, the Impudence of this wicked Sex! Laſcivious Dialogues are innocent with you!

Elvi. Was it ſuch a Crime to enquire how the Battle paſs'd?

Gom. But that was not the buſineſs, Gentlewoman; you were not asking News of a Battle paſt; you were engaging for a Skirmiſh that was to come.

Elvi. An honeſt Woman wou'd be glad to hear, that her Honour was ſafe, and her Enemies were ſlain.

Gom. in her tone. And to ask if he were wounded in your defence; and, in caſe he were, to offer your ſelf to be his Chirurgeon: ———then, you did not deſcribe your Husband to him, for a covetous, jealous, rich old Huncks.

Elvi. No, I need not: he deſcribes himſelf ſufficiently: but, in what Dream did I doe this?

Gom.

Gom. You walk'd in your Sleep, with your Eyes broad open, at noon of day; and dreamt you were talking to the foreſaid purpoſe with one Colonel *Hernando.*——

Elvi. Who, Dear Husband, who?

Gom. What the Devil have I ſaid? You wou'd have farther Information, wou'd you?

Elvi. No, but, my dear little old man, tell me now; that I may avoid him for your ſake.

Gom. Get you up into your Chamber, Cockatrice; and there immure your ſelf: be confin'd, I ſay, during our Royal Pleaſure: But, firſt, down on your marrow-bones, upon your Allegeance; and make an Acknowledgment of your Offences; for I will have ample Satisfaction. [*Pulls her down.*

Elvi. I have done you no Injury, and therefore I'll make you no Submiſſion: But I'll complain to my Ghoſtly Father.

Gom. Ay; There's your Remedy: When you receive condign Puniſhment, you run with open Mouth to your Confeſſor; that parcel of holy Guts and Garbidge; he muſt chucle you and moan you: but I'll rid my hands of his Ghoſtly Authority one day, and make him know he's the Son of a——(*ſees him.*) So;——no ſooner conjure, but the Devil's in the Circle.——

[*Enter* Dominic.]

Dom. Son of a what, Don *Gomez?*

Gom. Why, A Son of a Church, I hope there's no harm in that, Father.

Dom. I will lay up your words for you till time ſhall ſerve: and to morrow I enjoyn you to Faſt for Penance.

Gom. (*Aſide.*) There's no harm in that; ſhe ſhall faſt too: Faſting ſaves Money.

Dom. to *Elvira*, What was the reaſon that I found you upon your Knees, in that unſeemly poſture?

Gom. (*Aſide.*) O horrible! to find a woman upon her Knees, he ſays, is an unſeemly poſture; there's a Prieſt for you.

Elvi. to *Dom.* I wiſh, Father, you wou'd give me an opportunity of entertaining you in private: I have ſomewhat upon my Spirits that preſſes me exceedingly.

Dom. (*Aſide.*) This goes well: *Gomez*, ſtand you at diſtance,——farther yet,——ſtand out of ear-ſhot——I have ſomewhat to ſay to your Wife in private.

Gomez, (*Aſide.*) Was ever man thus Prieſt-ridden? wou'd

the Steeple of his Church were in his Belly: I am ſure there's room for it.

Elvi. I am aſham'd to acknowledg my Infirmities; but you have been alwaies an indulgent Father; and therefore I will venture, to——and yet I dare not.——

Dom. Nay, if you are baſhfull; ——if you keep your wound from the knowledge of your Surgeon;——

Elvi. You know my Husband is a man in years; but he's my Husband; and therefore I ſhall be ſilent: but his Humours are more intolerable then his Age: he's grown ſo froward, ſo covetous, and ſo jealous, that he has turn'd my heart quite from him; and, if I durſt confeſs it, has forc'd me to caſt my Affections on another man.

Dom. Good: ——hold, hold; I meant abominable:—— pray Heaven this be my Colonel. [*Aſide.*

Elvi. I have ſeen this man, Father; and have incourag'd his Addreſſes: he's a young Gentleman, a Souldier, of a moſt winning Carriage; and what his Courtſhip may produce at laſt I know not; but I am afraid of my own frailty.

Dom. (*aſide.*) 'Tis he for certain: —ſhe has ſav'd the Credit of my Function, by ſpeaking firſt; now muſt I take Gravity upon me.

Gom. (*aſide.*) This Whiſpering bodes me no good for certain; but he has me ſo plaguily under the laſh, that I dare not interrupt him.

Dom. Daughter, Daughter, do you remember your matrimonial Vow?

Elvi. Yes, to my ſorrow Father, I do remember it: a miſerable woman it has made me: but you know, Father, a Marriage-vow is but a thing of courſe, which all women take when they wou'd get a Husband.

Dom. A Vow is a very ſolemn thing: and 'tis good to keep it: ——but, notwithſtanding, it may be broken, upon ſome occaſions. ——Have you ſtriven with all your might againſt this frailty?

Elvi. Yes, I have ſtriven; but I found it was againſt the ſtream. Love, you know, Father, is a great Vow-maker; but he's a greater Vow-breaker.

Dom. 'Tis your Duty to ſtrive alwaies: but, notwithſtanding, when we have done our utmoſt, it extenuates the Sin.

Gom.

Gom. I can hold no longer. —— Now, Gentlewoman, you are confeſſing your Enormities; I know it by that hypocritical, down caſt Look: enjoin her to ſit bare upon a Bed of Nettles, Father; you can doe no leſs in Conſcience.

Dom. Hold your peace; are you growing malapert? will you force me to make uſe of my Authority? your Wife's a well diſpos'd and a vertuous Lady; I ſay it, *In verbo Sacerdotis.*

Elvi. I know not what to doe, Father; I find my ſelf in a moſt deſperate Condition; and ſo is the Colonel for Love of me.

Dom. The Colonel, ſay you! I wiſh it be not the ſame young Gentleman I know: 'Tis a gallant young man, I muſt confeſs, worthy of any Lady's love in Chriſtendom; in a lawfull way I mean; of ſuch a charming behaviour, ſo bewitching to a Woman's eye; and furthermore, ſo charitably given; by all good tokens, this muſt be my Colonel *Hernando.*

Elvi. Ay, and my Colonel too, Father: I am overjoy'd; and are you then acquainted with him?

Dom. Acquainted with him! why, he haunts me up and down: and, I am afraid, it is for love of you: for he preſs'd a Letter upon me, within this hour, to deliver to you: I confeſs, I receiv'd it, leſt he ſhould ſend it by ſome other; but with full reſolution never to put it into your hands.

Elvi. Oh, dear Father, let me have it, or I ſhall dye.

Gom. (Whiſpering ſtill.) A Pox of your cloſe Committee! I'll liſten I'm reſolv'd: *(ſteales nearer.)*

Dom. Nay, If you are obſtinately bent to ſee it, —uſe your diſcretion; but for my part, I waſh my hands on't. —what make you liſtning there? get farther off; I preach not to thee, thou wicked Eves-dropper.

Elvi. I'll kneel down, Father, as if I were taking Abſolution, if you'll but pleaſe to ſtand before me.

Dom. At your peril be it then. I have told you the ill Conſequences; *& liberavi animam meam.* ——Your Reputation is in danger, to ſay nothing of your Soul. Notwithſtanding, when the Spiritual means have been apply'd, and fails: in that caſe, the Carnal may be us'd, ——You are a tender Child, you are; and muſt not be put into Deſpair: your Heart is as ſoft and melting as your Hand.

{ *He ſtrokes her face; takes her by the hand; and gives the Letter.*

Gom. Hold, hold, Father; you goe beyond your Commiſſion: Palming is alwaies held foul play amongſt Gameſters.

Dom. Thus, good Intentions are miſconſtrued by wicked men: you will never be warn'd till you are excommunicate.

Gom. (Aſide.) Ah, Devil on him; there's his hold! If there were no more in Excommunication then the Churche's Cenſure, a Wiſe man wou'd lick his Conſcience whole with a wet finger: but, if I am excommunicate, I am outlaw'd; and then there's no calling in my Money.

Elvira, (riſing,) I have read the Note, Father, and will ſend him an Anſwer immediately; for I know his Lodgings by his Letter.

Dom. I underſtand it not, for my part; but I wiſh your Intentions be honeſt. Remember, that Adultery, though it be a ſilent Sin, yet it is a crying Sin alſo. Nevertheleſs, If you believe abſolutely he will dye, unleſs you pity him: to ſave a man's Life is a point of Charity; and actions of Charity do alleviate, as I may ſay, and take off from the Mortality of the Sin. Farwell, Daughter. ——*Gomez*, cheriſh your vertuous Wife; and thereupon I give you my Benediction: *(going.)*

Gom. Stay; I'll conduct you to the door, ——that I may be ſure you ſteal nothing by the way. ——Fryars wear not their long Sleeves for nothing. ——Oh, 'tis a *Judas Iſcariot.*

[*Exit, after the Fryar.*

Elvi. This Fryar is a comfortable man! He will underſtand nothing of the Buſineſs; and yet does it all.

Pray Wives and Virgins, at your time of need,
For a True Guide, of my Good Father's breed.

[Exit *Elvira.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Lorenzo, *in Fryars habit, meeting* Dominic.

Lor. FAther *Dominic*, Father *Dominic*; Why in such hast man?

Dom. It shou'd seem a brother of our Order.

Lor. No, Faith, I am onely your brother in Iniquity: my holiness, like yours, is meer out-side.

Dom. What! my noble Colonel in Metamorphosis! On what occasion are you transform'd?

Lor. Love; Almighty Love; that which turn'd *Jupiter* into a Town-bull, has transform'd me into a Fryar: I have had a Letter from *Elvira*, in answer to that I sent by you.

Dom. You see I have deliver'd my Message faithfully: I am a Fryar of Honour where I am engag'd.

Lor. O, I understand your Hint: the other Fifty pieces are ready to be condemn'd to Charity.

Dom. But this Habit, Son, this Habit!

Lor. 'Tis a Habit that in all Ages has been friendly to Fornication: You have begun the Design in this Cloathing, and I'll try to accomplish it. The Husband is absent; that evil Counsellour is remov'd; and the Sovereign is graciously dispos'd to hear my grievances.

Dom. Go to; go to; I find good Counsel is but thrown away upon you: Fare you well, fare you well, Son! ah———

Lor. How! Will you turn Recreant at the last cast? You must along to countenance my undertaking; We are at the door man.

Dom. Well, I have thought on't; and I will not go.

Lor. You may stay, Father; but no Fifty pounds without it: that was onely promis'd in the Bond: but the Condition of this Obligation is such, That if the above-named Father, Father *Dominic*, do not well and faithfully perform———

Dom. Now I better think on't, I will bear you company; for the Reverence of my Presence may be a curb to your Exorbitancies.

Lor. Lead up your Myrmidon, and enter.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Elvira, *in her Chamber.*

Elvi. He'll come, that's certain: young Appetites are ſharp; and ſeldom need twice bidding to ſuch a Banquet: ——— well; if I prove frail, as I hope I ſhall not, till I have compaſs'd my Deſign; never Woman had ſuch a Husband to provoke her, ſuch a Lover to allure her, or ſuch a Confeſſor to abſolve her. Of what am I afraid then? not my Conſcience, that's ſafe enough; my Ghoſtly Father has given it a Doſe of Church Opium, to lull it: well, for ſoothing Sin, I'll ſay that for him, he's a Chaplain for any Court in Chriſtendom.

Enter Lorenzo *and* Dominic.

O, Father *Dominic*, what News? How, a Companion with you! What Game have you in hand, that you hunt in Couples?

Lor. (*Offering up his hand.*) I'll ſhew you that immediately.

Elvi. O, my Love!

Lor. My Life!

Elvi. My Soul! (*They embrace.*)

Dom. I am taken on the ſudden with a grievous ſwimming in my Head, and ſuch a miſt before my Eyes, that I can neither hear nor ſee.

Elvi. Stay, and I'll fetch you ſome comfortable Water.

Dom. No, no; nothing but the open Air will doe me good. I'll take a turn in your Garden: but remember that I truſt you both, and do not wrong my good opinion of you. [*Exit* Dominic.

Elvi. This is certainly the dart of Guile which you have thrown in the good man's eyes, that on the ſudden he cannot ſee: for my mind miſgives me, this Sickneſs of his is but Apocryphal!

Lor. 'Tis no Qualm of Conſcience I'll be ſworn: you ſee, Madam, 'tis Intereſt governs all the World: he preaches againſt Sin; why? becauſe he gets by't: he holds his tongue; why? becauſe ſo much more is bidden for his ſilence.

Elvi. And ſo much for the Fryar.

Lor. Oh, thoſe Eyes of yours reproch me juſtly: that I neglect the Subject which brought me hither.

Elvi. Do you conſider the hazard I have run to ſee you here? if you do, methinks it ſhould inform you, that I love not at a common rate.

Lor. Nay, if you talk of conſidering, let us conſider why we are alone. Do you think the Fryar left us together to tell Beads?

Love is a kind of penurious God, very niggardly of his opportunities, he muſt be watch'd like a hard-hearted Treaſurer, for he bolts out on the ſudden, and, if you take him not in the nick, he vaniſhes in a twinkling.

Elvi. Why do you make ſuch haſte to have done loving me? You Men are all like Watches, wound up for ſtriking twelve immediately; but, after you are ſatisfied, the very next that follows is the ſolitary ſound of ſingle one.

Lor. How, Madam! Do you invite me to a Feaſt, and then preach Abſtinence?

Elvi. No, I invite you to a Feaſt where the Diſhes are ſerv'd up in order: you are for making a haſty meal, and for chopping up your entertainment, like an hungry Clown: truſt my management, good Colonel; and call not for your Deſſert too ſoon: believe me, that which comes laſt, as it is the ſweeteſt, ſo it cloies the ſooneſt.

Lor. I perceive, Madam, by your holding me at this diſtance, that there is ſomewhat you expect from me: what am I to undertake or ſuffer e'er I can be happy?

Elvi. I muſt firſt be ſatisfied that you love me.

Lor. By all that's Holy: By theſe dear Eyes.

Elvi. Spare your Oaths and Proteſtations; I know you Gallants of the time have a mint at your tongues end to coin them.

Lor. You know you cannot marry me: but, By heavens, if you were in a condition ———

Elvi. Then you would not be ſo prodigal of your Promiſes, but have the Fear of Matrimony before your eyes: in few words, if you love me, as you profeſs, deliver me from this Bondage, take me out of *Egypt*, and I'll wander with you as far as Earth, and Seas, and Love can carry us.

Lor. I never was out at a mad Frolick, though this is the maddeſt I ever undertook; have with you, Lady mine; I take you at your word; and, if you are for a merry Jaunt, I'll try for once who can foot it fartheſt: there are Hedges in Summer, and Barns in Winter to be found: I, with my Knapſack, and you, with your Bottle at your back: we'll leave Honour to Madmen, and Riches to Knaves; and travel till we come to the Ridge of the World, and then drop together into the next.

Elvi. Give me your Hand, and ſtrike a Bargain.

[*He takes her Hand, and kiſſes it.*

Lor. In

Lor. In ſign and token whereof the Parties interchangeably, and ſo forth——when ſhould I be weary of Sealing upon this Soft-wax?

Elvi. O, Heavens! I hear my Husband's voice.

Enter Gomez.

Gom. Where are you; Gentlewoman? there's ſomething in the wind I'm ſure, becauſe your Woman would have run up Stairs before me: but I have ſecur'd her below with a Gag in her Chaps—— now, in the Devil's name, what makes this Fryar here again? I do not like theſe frequent Conjunctions of the Fleſh and Spirit; they are boding.

Elvi. Go hence, good Father; my Husband you ſee is in an ill humour; and I would not have you witneſs of his folly.

[Lorenzo *going.*

Gomez, (running to the door,) By your Reverence's favour, hold a little, I muſt examin you ſomething better before you go: Hi-day! who have we here? Father *Dominic* is ſhrunk in the wetting two yards and a half about the Belly: what are become of thoſe two Timber-loggs that he us'd to wear for Leggs, that ſtood ſtrutting like the two black Poſts before a door? I am afraid ſome bad body has been ſetting him over a Fire in a great Cauldron, and boil'd him down half the quantity for a Receipt: this is no Father *Dominic*, no huge, over-grown Abbey-lubber; this is but a diminutive ſucking Fryar: as ſure as a Gun now, Father *Dominic* has been ſpawning this young, ſlender Anti-chriſt.

Elvi. (aſide,) He will be found; there's no prevention.

Gomez, Why does he not ſpeak? What! Is the Fryar poſſeſs'd with a dumb Devil? If he be, I ſhall make bold to conjure him.

Elvi. He's but a Novice in his Order, and is injoin'd Silence for a Penance.

Gomez, A Novice, quotha; You would make a Novice of me too, if you could: but, What was his buſineſs here? Anſwer me that, Gentlewoman, anſwer me that.

Elvi. What ſhou'd it be, but to give me ſome Spiritual Inſtructions?

Gom. Very good; and you are like to edifie much from a dumb Preacher; this will not paſs; I muſt examin the Contents of him a little cloſer; O thou Confeſſor! confeſs who thou art, or thou art no Fryar of this World:

He

He comes to Lorenzo, *who struggles with him; his habit flies open, and discovers a Sword:* Gomez *starts back.*

As I live, this is a manifest member of the Church militant.

Lor. (*Aside.*) I am discover'd; now Impudence be my Refuge—— Yes, Faith 'tis I, honest *Gomez*; thou seest I use thee like a Friend; this is a familiar Visit.

Gom. What! Colonel *Hernando* turn'd a Fryar! who could have suspected you for so much Godliness?

Lor. E'en as thou seest, I make bold here.

Gom. A very frank manner of proceeding; but I do not wonder at your Visit, after so friendly an Invitation as I made you; marry, I hope you will excuse the Blunderbusses for not being in readiness to salute you; but let me know your hour, and all shall be mended another time.

Lor. Hang it, I hate such tripping up of old unkindness; was upon the Frolick this evening, and came to visit thee in Masquerade.

Gom. Very likely; and not finding me at home, you were forc'd to toy away an hour with my Wife, or so.

Lor. Right: Thou speakest my very Soul.

Gom. Why, am not I a Friend then, to help you out? you wou'd have been fumbling half an hour for this Excuse——but, as I remember, you promis'd to storm my Citadel, and bring your Regiment of Red Locusts upon me for Free-quarter: I find, Colonel, by your Habit, there are Black Locusts in the World as well as Red.

Elvi. (*Aside.*) When comes my share of the reckoning to be call'd for?

Lor. Give me thy Hand; Thou art the honestest, kind man; I was resolv'd I wou'd not out of thy house till I had seen thee.

Gom. No, in my Conscience, if I had staid abroad till midnight. But, Colonel, you and I shall talk in another tone hereafter; I mean, in cold friendship, at a Bar, before a Judge, by the way of Plaintiff and Defendant: your Excuses want some grains to make 'em current: hum and ha will not do the business——there's a modest Lady of your acquaintance, she has so much Grace to make none at all, but silently to confess the Power of Dame Nature working in her Body to Youthfull Appetite.

Elvi. How he got in, I know not, unless it were by virtue of his Habit.

Gom. Ai, ai, the Vertues of that Habit are known abundantly.

Elvi. I cou'd not hinder his entrance, for he took me unprovided.

Gom. To reſiſt him.

Elvi. I'm ſure he has not been here above a quarter of an hour.

Gom. And a quarter of that time wou'd have ſerv'd the turn: O thou epitome of thy vertuous Sex! Madam *Meſſalina* the Second retire to thy Appartment: I have an Aſſignation there to make with thee.

Elvi. I am all Obedience——— [*Exit* Elvira.

Lor. I find, *Gomez*, you are not the man I thought you: we may meet before we come to the Bar, we may, and our Differences may be decided by other Weapons then by Lawyers tongues; in the mean time, no ill treatment of your Wife, as you hope to dye a natural death, and go to Hell in your Bed: *Bilbo* is the word, remember that, and tremble——— [*He's going out.*

Enter Dominic.

Dom. Where is this naughty Couple? where are you, in the name of Goodneſs? my mind miſgave me; and I durſt truſt you no longer with your ſelves; here will be fine work, I'm afraid, at your next Confeſſion.

Lor. (*Aſide.*) The Devil is punctual, I ſee, he has paid me the ſhame he ow'd me; and now the Fryar is coming in for his part too.

Dom. (*Seeing Gom.*) Bleſs my Eyes! what do I ſee?

Gom. Why; you ſee a Cuckold of this honeſt Gentleman's making: I thank him for his pains.

Dom. I confeſs I am aſtoniſh'd!

Gom. What, at a Cuckoldom of your own contrivance! your Head-piece and his Limbs have done my buſineſs.——Nay, do not look ſo ſtrangely, remember your own words, Here will be fine work at your next Confeſſion: What naughty Couple were they whom you durſt not truſt together any longer? when the hypocritical Rogue had truſted 'em a full quarter of an hour; and, by the way, horns will ſprout in leſs time then Muſhrooms.

Dom. Beware how you accuſe one of my Order upon light ſuſpicions: the naughty Couple that I meant, were your Wife and you, whom I left together with great Animoſities on both ſides: now,

now, that was the occaſion, mark me *Gomez*, that I thought it convenient to return again, and not to truſt your enraged Spirits too long together: you might have broken out into Revilings and matrimonial Warfare, which are Sins; and new Sins make work for new Confeſſions.

Lor. (Aſide.) Well ſaid, I faith, Fryar; thou art come off thy ſelf, but poor I am left in Limbo.

Gom. Angle in ſome other Foord, good Father, you ſhall catch no Gudgeons here: look upon the Priſoner at the Bar Fryar, and inform the Court what you know concerning him; he is arraign'd here by the name of Colonel *Hernando.*

Dom. What Colonel do you mean, *Gomez*? I ſee no man, but a Reverend Brother of our Order, whoſe Profeſſion I honour, but whoſe perſon I know not, as I hope for Paradiſe.

Gom. No, you are not acquainted with him, the more's the pity; you do not know him, under this Diſguiſe, for the greateſt Cuckold-maker in all *Spain.*

Dom. O Impudence! O Rogue! O Vilain! Nay, if he be ſuch a man, my Righteous Spirit riſes at him! Does he put on Holy Garments for a cover-ſhame of Lewdneſs?

Gom. Yes, and he's in the right on't, Father; when a ſwindging Sin is to be committed, nothing will cover it ſo cloſe as a Fryar's Hood: for there the Devil plays at Bo-peep, puts out his Horns to doe a miſchief, and then ſhrinks 'em back for ſafety, like a Snail into her ſhell.

Lor. (Aſide.) It's beſt marching off while I can retreat with Honour; there's no truſting this Fryar's Conſcience; he has renounc'd me already more heartily then e'er he did the Devil, and is in a fair way to proſecute me for putting on theſe Holy Robes: this is the old Church-trick, the Clergy is ever at the bottom of the Plot, but they are wiſe enough to ſlip their own Necks out of the Coller, and leave the Laity to be fairly hang'd for it——

[*Exit* Lorenzo.

Gom. Follow your Leader, Fryar; your Colonel is troop'd off, but he had not gone ſo eaſily, if I durſt have truſted you in the houſe behind me; gather up your gouty Legs, I ſay, and rid my houſe of that huge Body of divinity.

Dom. I expect ſome Judgment ſhou'd fall upon you for your want of Reverence to your Spiritual Director: Slander, Covetouſneſs, and Jealouſie, will weigh thee down.

Gom. Put Pride, Hypocriſie, and Gluttony, into your Scale, Father, and you ſhall weigh againſt me: nay, and Sins come to be divided once, the Clergy puts in for nine parts, and ſcarce leaves the Laity a tythe.

Dom. How dareſt thou reproch the Tribe of *Levi*?

Gom. Marry, becauſe you make us Lay-men of the Tribe of *Iſſachar*: you make Aſſes of us, to bear your burthens: when we are young, you put Paniers upon us, with your Church diſcipline; and, when we are grown up, you load us with a Wife: after that, you procure for other men, and then you load our Wives too; a fine phraſe you have amongſt you to draw us into Marriage, you call it Settling of a man; juſt as when a fellow has got a ſound Knock upon the head, they ſay he's ſettled: Marriage is a Settling blow indeed. They ſay every thing in the World is good for ſomething, as a Toad, to ſuck up the Venom of the Earth; but I never knew what a Fryar was good for till your Pimping ſhow'd me.

Dom. Thou ſhalt anſwer for this, thou Slanderer, thy Offences be upon thy head.

Gom. I believe there are ſome Offences there of your planting.

[*Exit* Dominic.

Lord, Lord, that men ſhould have ſenſe enough to ſet Snares in their Warrens to catch Pol-cats, and Foxes, and yet———

Want wit a Prieſt-trap at their door to lay,
For holy Vermin that in houſes prey. [*Exit* Gomez.

SCENE, *A Bed-chamber.*

Queen, Tereſa.

Ter. You are not what you were ſince yeſterday:
Your food forſakes you and your needfull reſt:
You pine, you languiſh, love to be alone;
Think much, ſpeak little; and, in ſpeaking, ſigh.
When you ſee *Torriſmond*, you are unquiet;
But when you ſee him not, you are in pain.

Queen. O, let 'em never love, who never try'd!
They brought a Paper to me to be ſign'd;
Thinking on him, I quite forgot my name;
And writ, for *Leonora*, *Torriſmond*.
I went to bed, and to my ſelf I thought,
That I wou'd think on *Torriſmond* no more:

Then

Then ſhut my Eyes; but cou'd not ſhut out him:
I turn'd; and try'd each corner of my Bed,
To find if Sleep were there, but Sleep was loſt.
Fev'riſh, for want of Reſt, I riſe, and walk'd;
And, by the Moon-ſhine, to the Windows went;
There, thinking to exclude him from my thoughts,
I caſt my eyes upon the neighbouring fields,
And, e'er I was aware, ſigh'd to my ſelf,
There fought my *Torriſmond*.

Ter. What hinders you to take the Man you love?
The People will be glad, the Souldier ſhout;
And *Bertran*, though repining, will be aw'd.

Qu. I fear to try new Love,
As boys to venture on the unknown Ice,
That crackles underneath 'em, while they ſlide.
Oh, how ſhall I deſcribe this growing ill!
Betwixt my Doubt and Love, methinks, I ſtand
Alt'ring, like one that waits an Ague fit;
And yet, wou'd this were all!

Ter. What fear you more?

Qu. I am aſham'd to ſay, 'tis but a fancy.
At break of day, when Dreams, they ſay, are true,
A drowzie ſlumber, rather then a ſleep,
Seiz'd on my Senſes, with long Watching worn.
Methought I ſtood on a wide River's Bank,
Which I muſt needs o'erpaſs, but knew not how:
When, on a ſudden *Torriſmond* appear'd,
Gave me his hand, and led me lightly o'er;
Leaping and bounding on the Billows heads,
Till ſafely we had reach'd the farther ſhore.

Ter. This Dream portends ſome ill which you ſhall ſcape:
Wou'd you ſee fairer Viſions? Take this night
Your *Torriſmond* within your Arms to ſleep:
And, to that end, invent ſome apt pretence
To break with *Bertran*: 'twould be better yet,
Cou'd you provoke him to give you th' occaſion,
And then to throw him off.

Enter Bertran *at a diſtance.*

Qu. My Stars have ſent him:
For, ſee, he comes: how gloomily he looks!

If he, as I ſuſpect, have found my Love,
His Jealouſie will furniſh him with Fury,
And me with means to part.
Bertr. (*Aſide.*) Shall I upbraid her? Shall I call her falſe?
If ſhe be falſe, 'tis what ſhe moſt deſires.
My Genius whiſpers me, Be cautious, *Bertran!*
Thou walk'ſt as on a narrow Mountain's neck,
A dreadfull height, with ſcanty room to tread.
Qu. What Buſ'neſs have you at the Court, my Lord?
Bert. What Buſ'neſs, *Madam?*
Qu. Yes, my Lord, What Buſ'neſs?
'Tis ſomewhat ſure of weighty conſequence
That brings you here ſo often, and unſent for.
Bert. (*Aſide.*) 'Tis what I fear'd, her words are cold enough
To freeze a man to death.—May I preſume
To ſpeak, and to complain?
Qu. They who complain to Princes think 'em tame:
What Bull dare bellow, or, what Sheep dares bleat,
Within the Lion's den?
Bert. Yet men are ſuffer'd to put Heav'n in mind
Of promis'd Bleſſings, for they then are Debts.
Qu. My Lord, Heav'n knows its own time when to give;
But you, it ſeems, charge me with Breach of Faith.
Bert. I hope I need not, Madam:
But as when men in Sickneſs lingring lye,
They count the tedious hours by months and years;
So every day deferr'd to Dying Lovers
Is a whole Age of pain.
Qu. What if I ne'er conſent to make you mine?
My Father's Promiſe ties me not to time;
And Bonds, without a Date, they ſay, are void.
Bert. Far be it from me to believe you bound:
Love is the freeſt motion of our minds:
O, cou'd you ſee into my ſecret Soul,
There you might read your own Dominion doubled,
Both as a Queen and Miſtreſs: if you leave me,
Know I can dye, but dare not be diſpleas'd.
Qu. Sure you affect Stupidity, my Lord,
Or give me cauſe to think that when you loſt
Three Battels to the *Moors*, you coldly ſtood

As

As unconcern'd as now.
Bert. I did my beſt;
Fate was not in my power.
Qu. And with the like tame Gravity you ſaw
A raw young Warrier take your baſled work
And end it at a blow.
Bert. I humbly take my leave; but they who blaſt
Your good opinion of me, may have cauſe
To know I am no Coward. [*He is going.*
Qu. Bertran, ſtay;
(Aſide.) This may produce ſome diſmal conſequence
To him whom dearer then my Life I love.
To him. Have I not manag'd my contrivance well,
To try your Love, and make you doubt of mine?
Bert. Then was it but a Tryal?
Methinks I ſtart as from ſome dreadfull Dream;
And often ask my ſelf, if yet I wake.
(Aſide.) This turns too quick to be without Deſign;
I'll ſound the bottom of't e'er I believe.
Qu. I find your Love; and wou'd reward it too,
But anxious Fears ſolicit my weak breaſt:
I fear my People's Faith:
That hot mouth'd Beaſt that bears againſt the Curb,
Hard to be broken even by lawfull Kings;
But harder by Uſurpers:
Judge then, my Lord, with all theſe Cares oppreſt,
If I can think of Love.
Bert. Believe me, Madam,
Theſe Jealouſies, how ever large they ſpread,
Have but one Root, the old, impriſon'd King;
Whoſe Lenity firſt pleas'd the gaping Crowd:
But when long tried, and found ſupinely good,
Like *Æſop*'s Logg, they leapt upon his Back:
Your Father knew 'em well; and when he mounted,
He rein'd 'em ſtrongly and he ſpurr'd them hard;
And, but he durſt not doe it all at once,
He had not left alive this patient Saint,
This Anvil of Affronts, but ſent him hence,
To hold a peacefull Branch of Palm above,
And hymn it in the Quire.

Qu. You've

Qu. You 've hit upon the very String, which touch'd,
Echoes the Sound and Jars within my Soul;
There lies my Grief.

Bert. So long as there's a Head,
Thither will all the mounting Spirits fly;
Lop that but off; and then——

Qu. My Vertue ſhrinks from ſuch an horrid Act.

Bert. This 'tis to have a Vertue out of ſeaſon.
Mercy is good; a very good dull Vertue;
But Kings miſtake its timeing; and are mild,
When manly Courage bids 'em be ſevere:
Better be cruel once then anxious ever:
Remove this threatning Danger from your Crown;
And then ſecurely take the man you love.

Qu. (*walking aſide.*) Ha! let me think of that: the Man I love?
'Tis true, this Murther is the onely means
That can ſecure my Throne to *Torriſmond*.
Nay more, this Execution done by *Bertran*,
Makes him the Object of the People's Hate.

Bert. (*Aſide.*) The more ſhe thinks, 'twill work the ſtronger in her.

Qu. (*Aſide.*) How eloquent is Miſchief to perſuade!
Few are ſo wicked as to take delight
In Crimes unprofitable, nor do I:
If then I break divine and humane Laws,
No Bribe but Love cou'd gain ſo bad a Cauſe.

Bert. You anſwer nothing!

Qu. 'Tis of deep Concernment,
And I a Woman ignorant and weak:
I leave it all to you, think what you doe,
You doe for him I love.

Bert. (*Aſide.*) For him ſhe loves?
She nam'd not me; that may be *Torriſmond*,
Whom ſhe has thrice in private ſeen this day:
Then I am fairly caught in my own Snare.
I'll think again—— Madam, it ſhall be done;
And mine be all the blame. [*Exit* Bert.

Qu. O, that it were! I wou'd not doe this Crime,
And yet, like Heaven, permit it to be done.
The Prieſthood groſly cheat us with Free-will:
Will to doe what, but what Heaven firſt decreed?

Our

Our Actions then are neither good nor ill,
Since from eternal Cauſes they proceed:
Our Paſſions, Fear and Anger, Love and Hate,
Meer ſenſleſs Engines that are mov'd by Fate;
Like Ships on ſtormy Seas, without a Guide,
Toſt by the Winds, and driven by the Tyde.

Enter Torriſmond.

Tor. Am I not rudely bold, and preſs too often
Into your preſence, Madam? If I am———
Qu. No more; leſt I ſhou'd chide you for your ſtay:
Where have you been? and, How cou'd you ſuppoſe
That I cou'd live theſe two long hours without you?
Tor. O, words to charm an Angel from his orb!
Welcome, as kindly Showers to long parch'd Earth!
But I have been in ſuch a diſmal place
Where Joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er cheers:
Bound in with Darkneſs, over-ſpread with Damps:
Where I have ſeen (if I cou'd ſay, I ſaw)
The good old King majeſtick in his Bonds,
And 'midſt his Griefs moſt venerably great:
By a dim winking Lamp, which feebly broke
The gloomy Vapors, he lay ſtretch'd along
Upon the unwholeſom Earth; his Eyes fix'd upward:
And ever and anon a ſilent Tear
Stole down and trickl'd from his hoary Beard.
Qu. O Heaven, what have I done! my gentle Love,
Here end thy ſad diſcourſe, and, for my ſake,
Caſt off theſe fearfull melancholy thoughts.
Tor. My Heart is wither'd at that piteous Sight,
As early Bloſſoms are with Eaſtern blaſts:
He ſent for me, and, while I rais'd his Head,
He threw his aged Arms about my Neck;
And, ſeeing that I wept, he preſs'd me cloſe:
So, leaning Cheek to Cheek and Eyes to Eyes,
We mingled Tears in a dumb Scene of Sorrow.
Qu. Forbear: you know not how you wound my Soul.
Tor. Can you have Grief, and not have Pity too?
He told me, when my Father did return,
He had a wondrous Secret to diſcloſe:

He kiſs'd me, bleſs'd me, nay, he call'd me Son;
He prais'd my Courage, pray'd for my Succeſs:
He was ſo true a Father of his Countrey,
To thank me for defending ev'n his Foes,
Becauſe they were his Subjects.
Qu. If they be; then what am I?
Tor. The Sovereign of my Soul, my Earthly Heaven.
Qu. And not your Queen?
Tor. You are ſo beautifull,
So wondrous fair, you juſtifie Rebellion:
As if that faultleſs Face could make no Sin,
But Heaven, with looking on it, muſt forgive.
Qu. The King muſt dye, he muſt, my *Torriſmond*;
Though Pity ſoftly plead within my Soul,
Yet he muſt dye, that I may make you great,
And give a Crown in dowry with my Love.
Tor. Periſh that Crown —— on any Head but yours; ——
O, recollect your Thoughts!
Shake not his Hour glaſs, when his haſty Sand
Is ebbing to the laſt:
A little longer, yet a little longer,
And Nature drops him down, without your Sin,
Like mellow Fruit, without a Winter Storm.
Qu. Let me but doe this one Injuſtice more:
His Doom is paſt; and, for your ſake, he dyes.
Tor. Wou'd you, for me, have done ſo ill an Act,
And will not doe a good one?
Now, By your Joys on Earth, your Hopes in Heaven,
O ſpare this Great, this Good, this Aged King;
And ſpare your Soul the Crime!
Qu. The Crime's not mine;
'Twas firſt propos'd, and muſt be done, by *Bertran*,
Fed with falſe hopes to gain my Crown and Me:
I, to inhance his Ruin, gave no leave;
But barely bad him think, and then reſolve.
Tor. In not forbidding, you command the Crime;
Think, timely think, on the laſt dreadfull day;
How will you tremble there to ſtand expos'd,
And formoſt in the rank of guilty Ghoſts
That muſt be doom'd for Murther; think on Murther:

That

That Troop is plac'd apart from common Crimes;
The damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that Band,
As far more black and more forlorn then they.
Qu. 'Tis terrible, it shakes, it staggers me;
I knew this Truth, but I repell'd that Thought;
Sure there is none but fears a future state;
And, when the most obdurate swear they do not,
Their trembling Hearts bely their boasting Tongues.

Enter Teresa.

Send speedily to *Bertran*; charge him strictly
Not to proceed, but wait my farther Pleasure.
Ter. Madam, he sends to tell you, 'Tis perform'd.
[*Exit* Teresa.
Tor. Ten thousand Plagues consume him, Furies drag him,
Fiends tear him; Blasted be the Arm that strook,
The Tongue that order'd;—Onely She be spar'd
That hindred not the Deed. O, where was then
The Power that guards the Sacred Lives of Kings?
Why slept the Lightning and the Thunder-bolts,
Or bent their idle rage on Fields and Trees,
When Vengeance call'd 'em here?
Qu. Sleep that Thought too,
'Tis done, and since 'tis done, 'tis past recall:
And since 'tis past recall, must be forgotten.
Tor. O, never, never, shall it be forgotten;
High Heaven will not forget it, after Ages
Shall with a fearfull Curse remember ours;
And Bloud shall never leave the Nation more!
Qu. His Body shall be Royally interr'd,
And the last Funeral Pomps adorn his Hearse;
I will my self (as I have Cause too just)
Be the chief Mourner at his Obsequies:
And yearly fix on the revolving day
The solemn marks of Mourning, to attone
And expiate my Offences.
Tor. Nothing can,
But Bloudy Vengeance on that Traitor's Head,
Which, dear departed Spirit, here I vow.
Qu. Here end our Sorrows, and begin our Joys:

Love calls, my *Torriſmond*; though Hate has rag'd
And rul'd the day, yet Love will rule the night.
The ſpitefull Stars have ſhed their Venom down,
And now the peacefull Planets take their turn.
This Deed of *Bertran*'s has remov'd all Fears,
And giv'n me juſt occaſion to refuſe him.
What hinders now, but that the holy Prieſt
In ſecret join our mutual Vows? and then
This night, this happy night, is yours and mine.

Tor. Be ſtill my Sorrows; and, be loud my Joys.
Fly to the utmoſt Circles of the Sea
Thou furious Tempeſt that haſt toſt my mind,
And leave no thought, but *Leonora*, there.——
What's this I feel aboding in my Soul?
As if this day were fatal; be it ſo;
Fate ſhall but have the Leavings of my love:
My Joys are gloomy, but withall are great;
The Lion, though he ſee the Toils are ſet,
Yet, pinch'd with raging Hunger, ſcowrs away,
Hunts in the Face of Danger all the day;
At night, with ſullen pleaſure, grumbles o'er his Prey.

[*Exeunt ambo.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Before* Gomez *his Door.*

Enter Lorenzo, Dominic, *and two* Souldiers *at a diſtance.*

Dom. I'LL not wag an ace farther: The whole World ſhall not bribe me to it; for my Conſcience will digeſt theſe groſs Enormities no longer.

Lor. How, thy Conſcience not digeſt 'em! There's ne'er a Fryar in *Spain* can ſhow a Conſcience that comes near it for Digeſtion: it digeſted Pimping when I ſent thee with my Letter: and it digeſted Perjury when thou ſwor'ſt thou didſt not know me: I'm ſure it has digeſted me Fifty pound of as hard Gold as is in all *Barbary:* Prithy, why ſhouldſt thou diſcourage Fornication, when thou knoweſt thou loveſt a ſweet young Girl?

Dom. Away, away; I do not love 'em; —phau; no, —*ſpits.* I do not love a pretty Girl; —you are ſo waggiſh; —*ſpits again.*

Lor. Why, thy mouth waters at the very mention of them.

Dom. You take a mighty pleaſure in Defamation, Colonel; but I wonder what you find in running reſtleſs up and down, breaking your Brains, emptying your Purſe, and wearing out your Body with hunting after unlawfull Game.

Lor. Why there's the Satisfaction on't.

Dom. This Incontinency may proceed to Adultery, and Adultery to Murther, and Murther to Hanging; and there's the Satisfaction on't.

Lor. I'll not hang alone, Fryar; I'm reſolv'd to peach thee before thy Superiours for what thou haſt done already.

Dom. I'm reſolv'd to forſwear it if you doe: Let me adviſe you better, Colonel, then to accuſe a Church-man to a Church-man: in the common Cauſe we are all of a piece; we hang together.

Lor. (*Aſide.*) If you don't, it were no matter if you did.

Dom. Nay, if you talk of Peaching, I'll peach firſt, and ſee whoſe Oath will be believ'd; I'll trounce you for offering to corrupt my Honeſty, and bribe my Conſcience: you ſhall be ſumon'd by an hoſt of Paratours; you ſhall be ſentenc'd in the Spi-

Love calls, my *Torriſmond*; though Hate has rag'd
And rul'd the day, yet Love will rule the night.
The ſpitefull Stars have ſhed their Venom down,
And now the peacefull Planets take their turn.
This Deed of *Bertran*'s has remov'd all Fears,
And giv'n me juſt occaſion to refuſe him.
What hinders now, but that the holy Prieſt
In ſecret join our mutual Vows? and then
This night, this happy night, is yours and mine.

Tor. Be ſtill my Sorrows; and, be loud my Joys.
Fly to the utmoſt Circles of the Sea
Thou furious Tempeſt that haſt toſt my mind,
And leave no thought, but *Leonora*, there.——
What's this I feel aboding in my Soul?
As if this day were fatal; be it ſo;
Fate ſhall but have the Leavings of my love:
My Joys are gloomy, but withall are great;
The Lion, though he ſee the Toils are ſet,
Yet, pinch'd with raging Hunger, ſcowrs away,
Hunts in the Face of Danger all the day;
At night, with ſullen pleaſure, grumbles o'er his Prey.

[*Exeunt ambo.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Before* Gomez *his Door.*

Enter Lorenzo, Dominic, *and two* Souldiers *at a diſtance.*

Dom. I'LL not wag an ace farther: The whole World ſhall not bribe me to it; for my Conſcience will digeſt theſe groſs Enormities no longer.

Lor. How, thy Conſcience not digeſt 'em! There's ne'er a Fryar in *Spain* can ſhow a Conſcience that comes near it for Digeſtion: it digeſted Pimping when I ſent thee with my Letter: and it digeſted Perjury when thou ſwor'ſt thou didſt not know me: I'm ſure it has digeſted me Fifty pound of as hard Gold as is in all *Barbary:* Prithy, why ſhouldſt thou diſcourage Fornication, when thou knoweſt thou loveſt a ſweet young Girl?

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Dom. You take a mighty pleaſure in Defamation, Colonel; but I wonder what you find in running reſtleſs up and down, breaking your Brains, emptying your Purſe, and wearing out your Body with hunting after unlawfull Game.

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Lor. (*Aſide.*) If you don't, it were no matter if you did.

Dom. Nay, if you talk of Peaching, I'll peach firſt, and ſee whoſe Oath will be believ'd; I'll trounce you for offering to corrupt my Honeſty, and bribe my Conſcience: you ſhall be ſummon'd by an hoſt of Paratours; you ſhall be ſentenc'd in the Spi-

ritual Court; you ſhall be excommunicated; you ſhall be outlaw'd;——and——

{*Here* Lorenzo *takes a Purſe, and plaies with it, and, at laſt, lets the Purſe fall chinking on the ground; which the Fryar eyes.*

In another tone. I ſay a man might doe this now, if he were maliciouſly diſpos'd, and had a mind to bring matters to extremity; but, conſidering that you are my Friend, a Perſon of Honour, and a worthy good charitable Man, I wou'd rather dye a thouſand deaths then diſoblige you.

{Lorenzo *takes up the Purſe, and poures it into the* Fryar's *ſleeve.*

Nay, Good Sir; nay, Dear Colonel; O Lord, Sir, what are you doing now! I proteſs this muſt not be: without this I wou'd have ſerv'd you to the uttermoſt; pray command me: a jealous, foul-mouth'd Rogue this *Gomez* is: I ſaw how he us'd you, and you mark'd how he us'd me too: O he's a bitter man; but we'll join our Forces; ah, ſhall we, Colonel? we'll be reveng'd on him with a witneſs.

Lor. But how ſhall I ſend her word to be ready at the door, (for I muſt reveal it in Confeſſion to you,) that I mean to carry her away this evening, by the help of theſe two Souldiers? I know *Gomez* ſuſpects you, and you will hardly gain admittance.

Dom. Let me alone; I fear him not; I am arm'd with the Authority of my cloathing; yonder I ſee him keeping Centry at his door: have you never ſeen a Citizen, in a cold morning, clapping his ſides, and walking forward and backward a mighty pace before his Shop? but I'll gain the Paſs in ſpight of his ſuſpicion; ſtand you aſide, and do but mark how I accoſt him.

Lor. If he meet with a repulſe, we muſt throw off the Foxe's skin, and put on the Lion's, come, Gentlemen, you'll ſtand by me.

Souldier, Do not doubt us, Colonel.

{*They retire all three to a corner of the Stage,* Dominic *goes to the door where* Gomez *ſtands.*

Dom. Good even *Gomez*, how does your Wife?

Gom. Juſt as you wou'd have her, thinking on nothing, but her dear Colonel, and conſpiring Cuckoldom againſt me.

Dom. I dare ſay you wrong her, ſhe is employing her thoughts how to cure you of your Jealouſie. *Gom.* Yes,

Gom. Yes, by Certainty.

Dom. By your leave, *Gomez*; I have ſome Spiritual Advice to impart to her on that Subject.

Gom. You may ſpare your Inſtructions if you pleaſe, Father, ſhe has no farther need of them.

Dom. How, no need of them! Do you ſpeak in Riddles?

Gom. Since you will have me ſpeak plainer; ſhe has profited ſo well already by your Counſel, that ſhe can ſay her Leſſon without your teaching: Do you underſtand me now?

Dom. I muſt not neglect my duty, for all that; once again, *Gomez*, by your leave.

Gom. She's a little indiſpos'd at preſent, and it will not be convenient to diſturb her.

{Dominic *offers to go by him, but t'other ſtands before him.*

Dom. Indiſpos'd, ſay you? O, it is upon thoſe occaſions that a Confeſſor is moſt neceſſary; I think it was my good Angel that ſent me hither ſo opportunely.

Gom. Ay, whoſe good Angels ſent you hither, that you beſt know, Father.

Dom. A word or two of Devotion will do her no harm I'm ſure.

Gom. A little Sleep will doe her more good I'm ſure: You know ſhe disburthen'd her Conſcience but this morning to you.

Dom. But, if ſhe be ill this afternoon, ſhe may have new occaſion to confeſs.

Gom. Indeed, as you order matters with the Colonel, ſhe may have occaſion of confeſſing her ſelf every hour.

Dom. Pray, how long has ſhe been ſick?

Gom. Lord, you will force a man to ſpeak; why ever ſince your laſt Defeat.

Dom. This can be but ſome light Indiſpoſition, it will not laſt, and I may ſee her.

Gom. How, not laſt! I ſay, It will laſt, and it ſhall laſt; ſhe ſhall be ſick theſe ſeven or eight days, and perhaps longer, as I ſee occaſion: what; I know the mind of her Sickneſs a little better then you doe.

Dom. I find then, I muſt bring a Doctor.

Gom. And he'll bring an Apothecary with a chargeable long bill of *Ana*'s: thoſe of my Family have the Grace to dye cheaper:

in

in a word, Sir *Dominic*, we underſtand one anothers buſineſs here: I am reſolv'd to ſtand like the *Swiſs* of my own Family, to defend the entrance; you may mumble over your *Pater Noſters* if you pleaſe, and try if you can make my doors fly open, and batter down my walls with Bell, Book, and Candle; but I am not of opinion that you are holy enough to commit Miracles.

Dom. Men of my Order are not to be treated after this manner.

Gom. I wou'd treat the Pope and all his Cardinals in the ſame manner, if they offer'd to ſee my Wife without my leave.

Dom. I excommunicate thee from the Church, if thou doſt not open, there's Promulgation coming out.

Gom. And I excommunicate you from my Wife, if you go to that; there's Promulgation for Promulgation, and Bull for Bull; and ſo I leave you to recreate your ſelf with the end of an old Song——*and Sorrow came to the old Fryar.* [*Exit* Gomez.

Lorenzo *comes to him.*

Lor. I will not ask you your Succeſs; for I over-heard part of it, and ſaw the Concluſion; I find we are now put upon our laſt Trump; the Fox is earth'd, but I ſhall ſend my two Terriers in after him.

Souldier, I warrant you, Colonel, we'll unkennel him.

Lor. And make what haſte you can to bring out the Lady: what ſay you, Father, Burglary is but a venial Sin among Souldiers.

Dom. I ſhall abſolve them, becauſe he is an enemy of the Church——there is a Proverb, I confeſs, which ſaies, That Dead-men tell no Tales; but let your Souldiers apply it at their own Perils.

Lor. What, take away a man's Wife, and kill him too! the Wickedneſs of this old Villain ſtartles me, and gives me a twinge for my own Sin; though it come far ſhort of his: hark you Souldiers, be ſure you uſe as little Violence to him as is poſſible.

Dom. Hold a little, I have thought better how to ſecure him, with leſs danger to us.

Lor. O Miracle, the Fryar is grown conſcientious!

Dom. The old King you know is juſt murther'd, and the perſons that did it are unknown; let the Souldiers ſeize him for one of the Aſſaſſinates, and let me alone to accuſe him afterwards.

Lor. I

Lor. I cry thee mercy with all my heart, for ſuſpecting a Fryar of the leaſt good-nature; what, wou'd you accuſe him wrongfully?

Dom. I muſt confeſs, 'tis wrongfull *quoad hoc*, as to the Fact it ſelf; but 'tis rightfull *quoad hunc*, as to this Heretical Rogue, whom we muſt diſpatch: he has rail'd againſt the Church, which is a fouler Crime than the murther of a Thouſand Kings; *Omne majus continet in ſe minus:* He that is an Enemie to the Church, is an Enemie unto Heaven; and he that is an Enemie to Heaven, wou'd have kill'd the King, if he had been in the Circumſtances of doing it: ſo it is not wrongfull to accuſe him.

Lor. I never knew a Church-man, if he were perſonally offended, but he wou'd bring in Heaven by hook or crook into his Quarrel. Souldiers, Doe as you were firſt order'd.

[*Exeunt* Souldiers.

Dom. What was't you order'd 'em? Are you ſure it's ſafe, and not ſcandalous?

Lor. Somewhat near your own Deſign, but not altogether ſo miſchievous; the People are infinitely diſcontented, as they have reaſon; and Mutinies there are, or will be, againſt the Queen; now I am content to put him thus far into the Plot, that he ſhould be ſecur'd as a Traitor; but he ſhall onely be Priſoner at the Souldiers quarters; and when I am out of reach, he ſhall be releas'd.

Dom. And what will become of me then? for when he is free he will infallibly accuſe me.

Lor. Why then, Father, you muſt have recourſe to your infallible Church-remedies, Lie impudently, and Swear devoutly, and, as you told me but now, let him try whoſe Oath will be firſt believ'd: Retire; I hear 'em coming. [*They withdraw.*

Enter the Souldiers *with* Gomez *ſtrugling on their backs.*

Gom. Help, good Chriſtians, help Neighbours; my Houſe is broken open by force; and I am raviſh'd, and am like to be aſſaſſinated; what do you mean Villains? will you carry me away like a Pedler's Pack upon your backs? will you murther a man in plain day-light?

Firſt Souldier, No: But we'll ſecure you for a Traitor; and for being in a Plot againſt the State.

Gom. Who, I in a Plot! O Lord! O Lord! I never durſt be

in a Plot: why, how can you in Conſcience ſuſpect a rich Citizen of ſo much wit as to make a Plotter? there are none but poor Rogues, and thoſe that can't live without it, that are in Plots.

Second Souldier, Away with him, away with him.

Gom. O, my Gold! my Wife! my Wife! my Gold! As I hope to be ſav'd now, I know no more of the Plot than they that made it. [*They carry him off, and* exeunt.

Lor. Thus far have we ſail'd with a merry gale, and now we have the Cape of good Hope in ſight; the Trade wind is our own if we can but double it. [*He looks out.*

(*Aſide.*) Ah, my Father and *Pedro* ſtand at the corner of the Street with company, there's no ſtirring till they are paſt!

Enter Elvira *with a Casket.*

Elvi. Am I come at laſt into your Arms?

Lor. Fear nothing; the Adventure's ended; and the Knight may carry off the Lady ſafely.

Elvi. I'm ſo overjoy'd, I can ſcarce believe I am at liberty; but ſtand panting, like a Bird that has often beaten her Wings in vain againſt her Cage, and at laſt dares hardly venture out though ſhe ſees it open.

Dom. Loſe no time, but make haſte while the way is free for you; and thereupon I give you my Benediction.

Lor. 'Tis not ſo free as you ſuppoſe; for there's an old Gentleman of my acquaintance that blocks up the paſſage at the corner of the ſtreet.

Dom. What have you gotten there under your Arm, Daughter? ſomewhat I hope that will bear your Charges in your Pilgrimage.

Lor. The Fryar has an Hawk's eye to Gold and Jewels.

Elvi. Here's that will make you dance without a Fiddle, and provide better Entertainment for us then Hedges in Summer, and Barns in Winter; here's the very Heart and Soul, and Life Bloud of *Gomez*; Pawns in abundance, old Gold of Widows, and new Gold of Prodigals, and Pearls and Diamonds of Court Ladys, till the next Bribe helps their Husbands to redeem 'em.

Dom. They are the Spoils of the Wicked, and the Church endows you with 'em.

Lor. And, Faith, we'll drink the Churche's Health out of them. But all this while I ſtand on Thorns; prithe, Dear, look out, and

ſee

ſee if the coaſt be free for our Eſcape; for I dare not peep for fear of being known.

{Elvira *goes to look, and* Gomez *comes running in upon her: ſhe ſhrieks out.*

Gom. Thanks to my Stars, I have recover'd my own Territories——What do I ſee! I'm ruin'd! I'm undone! I'm betray'd!

Dom. (*Aſide.*) What a hopefull Enterprize is here ſpoil'd?

Gom. O, Colonel, are you there? and you, Fryar? nay, then I find how the World goes.

Lor. Cheer up man; thou art out of jeopardy; I heard thee crying out juſt now; and came running in full ſpeed with the Wings of an Eagle and the Feet of a Tyger to thy reſcue.

Gom. Ay, you are alwaies at hand to doe me a Courteſie with your Eagle's Feet, and your Tyger's Wings: and, What were you here for, Fryar?

Dom. To interpoſe my Spiritual Authority in your behalf.

Gom. And why did you ſhriek out, Gentlewoman?

Elvi. 'Twas for Joy at your Return.

Gom. And that Casket under your Arm, for what end and purpoſe?

Elvi. Onely to preſerve it from the Thieves.

Gom. And you came running out of doors——

Elvi. Onely to meet you, ſweet Husband.

Gom. A fine Evidence ſum'd up among you; thank you heartily; you are all my Friends: the Colonel was walking by accidentally, and, hearing my voice, came in to ſave me; the Fryar, who was hobling the ſame way too, accidentally again, and not knowing of the Colonel, I warrant you, he comes in to pray for me; and my faithfull Wife runs out of doors to meet me with all my Jewels under her Arm, and ſhrieks out for Joy at my return: but if my Father-in-law had not met your Souldiers, Colonel, and deliver'd me in the nick, I ſhou'd neither have found a Friend nor a Fryar here, and might have ſhriek'd out for joy my ſelf for the loſs of my Jewels and my Wife.

Dom. Art thou an Infidel? Wilt thou not believe us?

Gom. Such Church-men as you wou'd make any man an Infidel: Get you into your Kennel, Gentlewoman; I ſhall thank you within-doors for your ſafe cuſtody of my Jewels and your own.

[*He thruſts his Wife off the Stage.*

Exit Elvira.

As for you, Colonel Huff-cap, we ſhall trie before a Civil Magiſtrate who's the greater Plotter of us two, I againſt the State, or you againſt the Petticoate.

Lor. Nay, if you will complain, you ſhall for ſome thing.

[*Beats him.*

Gom. Murther! murther! I give up the Ghoſt! I am deſtroy'd! help! murther! murther!

Dom. Away, Colonel, let us fly for our Lives; the neighbours are coming out with Forks and Fire-ſhovels and Spits and other domeſtick Weapons; the *Militia* of a whole Alley is rais'd againſt us.

Lor. This is but the Intereſt of my Debt, Maſter Uſurer, the Principal ſhall be paid you at our next meeting.

Dom. Ah, if your Souldiers had but diſpatch'd him, his Tongue had been laid a-ſleep, Colonel; but this comes of not following good counſel; ah— [*Exeunt* Lor. *and* Fryar *ſeverally.*

Gom. I'll be reveng'd of him if I dare; but he's ſuch a terrible Fellow that my mind miſgives me; I ſhall tremble when I have him before the Judge: all my Misfortunes come together: I have been robb'd, and cuckolded, and raviſh'd, and beaten in one quarter of an hour; my poor Limbs ſmart, and my poor Head akes: ay, do, do, ſmart Limb, ake Head, and ſprout Horns; but I'll be hang'd before I'll pity you: you muſt needs be married, muſt ye? there's for that, (*beats his own Head*) and to a fine, young, modiſh Lady, muſt ye? there's for that too; and, at threeſcore, you old, doting Cuckhold, take that remembrance———a fine time of day for a man to be bound Prentice, when he is paſt uſing of his Trade; to ſet up an equipage of Noiſe, when he has moſt need of Quiet; inſtead of her being under Covert-baron, to be under Covert-feme my ſelf; to have my Body diſabl'd, and my Head fortified; and, laſtly, to be crowded into a narrow Box with a ſhrill Trebble,

That with one Blaſt through the whole Houſe does bound,
And firſt taught Speaking-trumpets how to ſound.

[*Exit* Gomez.

SCENE, *The Court.*

Enter Raymond, Alphonſo, Pedro.

Raym. Are theſe, are theſe, ye Powers, the promis'd Joys,

With

With which I flatter'd my long tedious abſence,
To find, at my return, my Maſter murther'd?
O, that I could but weep to vent my Paſſion!
But this dry Sorrow burns up all my Tears.

Alph. Mourn inward, Brother; 'tis obſerv'd at Court
Who weeps, and who wears black; and your Return
Will fix all Eyes on every Act of yours,
To ſee how you reſent King *Sancho*'s Death.

Raym. What generous man can live with that Conſtraint
Upon his Soul, to bear, much leſs to flatter
A Court like this! can I ſooth Tyranny?
Seem pleas'd to ſee my Royal Maſter murther'd,
His Crown uſurp'd, a Diſtaff in the Throne,
A Council made of ſuch as dare not ſpeak,
And could not if they durſt; whence honeſt men
Baniſh themſelves for ſhame of being there:
A Government that, knowing not true wiſedom,
Is ſcorn'd abroad, and lives on Tricks at home?

Alph. Vertue muſt be thrown off, 'tis a coarſe garment;
Too heavy for the ſunſhine of a Court.

Raym. Well then, I will diſſemble for an end
So great, ſo pious, as a juſt Revenge:
You'll join with me.

Alphon. No honeſt man but muſt.

Pedro, What Title has this Queen but Lawleſs Force?
And Force muſt pull her down.

Alphon. Truth is, I pity *Leonora*'s caſe;
Forc'd, for her Safety, to commit a Crime
Which moſt her Soul abhors.

Raym. All ſhe has done, or e'er can doe, of good,
This one black Deed has damn'd.

Pedro, You'll hardly gain your Son to our Deſign.

Raym. Your reaſon for't.

Pedro, I want time to unriddle it:
Put on your tother Face; the Queen approches.

Enter the Queen, Bertran, *and Attendants.*

Raym. And that accurſed *Bertran*
Stalks cloſe behind her, like a Witche's Fiend,
Preſſing to be employ'd; ſtand, and obſerve them.

Queen, to *Bertran:* Bury'd in private, and ſo ſuddenly!
It croſſes my Deſign, which was t'allow
The Rites of Funeral fitting his Degree,
With all the Pomp of mourning.
Bert. It was not ſafe:
Objects of pity, when the cauſe is new,
Would work too fiercely on the giddy Crowd:
Had *Cæſar*'s body never been expos'd,
Brutus had gain'd his Cauſe.
Queen, Then, was he lov'd?
Bertran, O, never man ſo much, for Saint-like goodneſs.
Pedro, (*Aſide.*) Had bad men fear'd him but as good men (lov'd him,
He had not yet been ſainted.
Queen, I wonder how the People bear his Death,
Bertr. Some diſcontent there are; ſome idle murmurs.
Pedro, How, Idle Murmurs! Let me plainly ſpeak:
The doors are all ſhut up; the wealthier ſort,
With Arms a-croſs, and Hats upon their Eyes,
Walk to and fro before their ſilent Shops:
Whole droves of Lenders crowd the Banquers doors,
To call in Money; thoſe who have none, mark
Where Money goes; for when they riſe 'tis Plunder:
The Rabble gather round the Man of News,
And liſten with their Mouths;
Some tell; ſome hear, ſome judge of News, ſome make it;
And he who lies moſt loud, is moſt believ'd.
Queen, This may be dangerous.
Raym. (*Aſide.*) Pray Heaven it may.
Bertr. If one of you muſt fall;
Self-preſervation is the firſt of Laws:
And if, when Subjects are oppreſs'd by Kings,
They juſtifie Rebellion by that Law,
As well may Monarchs turn the edge of right
To cut for them, when ſelf-defence requires it.
Queen, You place ſuch Arbitrary Power in Kings,
That I much fear, if I ſhould make you one,
You'll make your ſelf a Tyrant; let theſe know
By what Authority you did this Act.
Bertran, You much ſurprize me to demand that Queſtion:
But, ſince Truth muſt be told, 'Twas by your own.

Queen,

Queen, Produce it; or, By Heaven, your Head ſhall anſwer
The Forfeit of your Tongue.
Raym. (*Aſide.*) Brave miſchief towards.
Bertran, You bad me.
Queen, When, and where?
Bertr. No, I confeſs, you bad me not in words;
The Dial ſpoke not, but it made ſhrewd ſigns,
And pointed full upon the ſtroke of Murther:
Yet this you ſaid,
You were a woman ignorant and weak,
So left it to my care.
Queen, What if I ſaid,
I was a woman ignorant and weak,
Were you to take th'advantage of my Sex,
And play the Devil to tempt me? You contriv'd,
You urg'd, you drove me headlong to your toiles;
And if, much tir'd, and frighted more, I paus'd;
Were you to make my Doubts your own Commiſſion?
Bertr. This 'tis to ſerve a Prince too faithfully;
Who, free from Laws himſelf, will have that done,
Which, not perform'd, brings us to ſure Diſgrace;
And, if perform'd, to Ruin.
Queen, This 'tis to counſel things that are unjuſt:
Firſt, to debauch a King to break his Laws,
(Which are his ſafety,) and then ſeek Protection
From him you have endanger'd; but, Juſt Heaven,
When Sins are judg'd, will damn the tempting Devil
More deep than thoſe he tempted.
Bert. If Princes not protect their Miniſters,
What man will dare to ſerve them?
Queen, None will dare
To ſerve them ill, when they are left to Laws;
But when a Counſellor, to ſave himſelf,
Would lay Miſcarriages upon his Prince,
Expoſing him to publick Rage and Hate;
O, 'tis an Act as infamouſly baſe,
As ſhould a common Souldier ſculk behind,
And thruſt his General in the Front of War:
It ſhews he onely ſerv'd himſelf before,
And had no ſenſe of Honour, Country, King;

But center'd on himſelf; and us'd his Maſter
As Guardians do their Wards, with ſhows of care,
But with intent to ſell the publick Safety,
And pocket up his Prince.
Pedro, (*Aſide.*) Well ſaid, i'faith;
This Speech is e'en too good for an Uſurper.
Bertr. I ſee for whom I muſt be ſacrific'd;
And, had I not been ſotted with my zeal,
I might have found it ſooner.
Queen, From my ſight!
The Prince who bears an Inſolence like this
Is ſuch an Image of the Powers above,
As is the Statue of the Thundring God,
Whoſe Bolts the Boys may play with.
Bertran, Unreveng'd
I will not fall, nor ſingle. [*Exit* Bertran *cum ſuis.*

Queen *to* Raymond, *who kiſſes her hand.*

Qu. Welcome, welcome:
I ſaw you not before; one Honeſt Lord
Is hid with eaſe among a Crowd of Courtiers:
How can I be too gratefull to the Father
Of ſuch a Son as *Torriſmond*?
Raym. His Actions were but Duty.
Queen, Yet, My Lord,
All have not paid that Debt like noble *Torriſmond*;
You hear how *Bertran* brands me with a Crime,
Of which, your Son can witneſs, I am free;
I ſent to ſtop the Murther, but too late;
For Crimes are ſwift, but Penitence is ſlow;
The bloudy *Bertran*, diligent in ill,
Flew to prevent the ſoft returns of Pity.
Raym. O curſed Haſte of making ſure a Sin!
Can you forgive the Traytor?
Queen, Never, never:
'Tis written here in Characters ſo deep
That ſeven years hence, ('till then ſhould I not meet him,)
And in the Temple then, I'll drag him thence,
Ev'n from the Holy Altar to the Block.
Raym. (*Aſide.*) She's fir'd, as I would wiſh her; aid me Juſtice,

As

As all my ends are thine, to gain this Point;
And ruin both at once:——It wounds indeed, [*To her.*
To bear Affronts too great to be forgiven,
And not have Power to puniſh; yet one way
There is to ruin *Bertran.*
Queen, O, there's none;
Except an Hoſt from Heaven can make ſuch haſte
To ſave my Crown as he will doe to ſeize it:
You ſaw he came ſurrounded with his Friends,
And knew beſides our Army was remov'd
To quarters too remote for ſudden uſe.
Raym. Yet you may give Commiſſion
To ſome Bold man whoſe Loyalty you truſt,
And let him raiſe the Train-bands of the City.
Queen, Groſs feeders, Lion talkers, Lamb-like fighters.
Raym. You do not know the Virtues of your City,
What puſhing force they have; ſome popular Chief,
More noiſie than the reſt, but cries Halloo,
And in a trice the bellowing Herd come out;
The Gates are barr'd, the Ways are barricado'd,
And *One and All* 's the Word; true Cocks of th' Game,
That never ask for what, or whom, they fight;
But turn 'em out, and ſhew 'em but a Foe,
Cry Liberty, and that's a Cauſe of Quarrel.
Queen, There may be Danger, in that boiſt'rous Rout:
Who knows when Fires are kindled for my Foes,
But ſome new Blaſt of wind may turn thoſe Flames
Againſt my Pallace Walls.
Raym. But ſtill their Chief
Muſt be ſome one whoſe Loyalty you truſt.
Queen, And who more proper for that Truſt then you,
Whoſe Intereſts, though unknown to you, are mine?
Alphonſo, Pedro, haſte to raiſe the Rabble,
He ſhall appear to head 'em.
Raymon, (*Aſide* to *Alphonſo* and *Pedro*,) Firſt ſeize *Bertran*,
And then inſinuate to them that I bring
Their lawfull Prince to place upon the Throne.
Alphon. Our lawfull Prince.
Raym. Fear not; I can produce him.
Pedro to *Alph.* Now we want your Son *Lorenzo*: what a mighty Faction

Would he make for us of the City Wives,
With, ô, dear Husband, my ſweet honey Husband,
Won't you be for the Colonel? if you love me,
Be for the Colonel; ô he's the fineſt man!
[*Exeunt* Alphonſo, Pedro.

Raym. (*Aſide.*) So, now we have a Plot behind the Plot;
She thinks ſhe's in the depth of my Deſign,
And that it's all for her, but time ſhall ſhow,
She onely lives to help me ruin others,
And laſt, to fall her ſelf.

Queen, Now to you *Raymond:* Can you gueſs no reaſon
Why I repoſe ſuch Confidence in you?
You needs muſt think
There's ſome more powerfull Cauſe then Loyalty:
Will you not ſpeak to ſave a Lady's Bluſh?
Muſt I inform you 'tis for *Torriſmond*,
That all this Grace is ſhown? (fear'd.

Raym. (*Aſide.*) By all the Powers, worſe, worſe, then what I

Queen, And yet, what need I bluſh at ſuch a Choice?
I love a man, whom I am proud to love,
And am well pleas'd my Inclination gives
What Gratitude would force; ô, pardon me;
I ne'er was covetous of Wealth before:
Yet think ſo vaſt a Treaſure as your Son,
Too great for any private man's poſſeſſion;
And him too rich a Jewel to be ſet
In vulgar metal, or for vulgar uſe.

Raym. Arm me with Patience Heaven.

Queen, How, Patience, *Raymond!*
What exerciſe of Patience have you here?
What find you in my Crown to be contemn'd?
Or in my Perſon loath'd? Have I, a Queen,
Paſt by my Fellow-rulers of the World,
Whoſe vying Crowns lay glittering in my way,
As if the World were pav'd with Diadems?
Have I refus'd their Bloud, to mix with yours,
And raiſe new Kings from ſo obſcure a race,
Fate ſcarce knew where to find them when I call'd?
Have I heap'd on my Perſon, Crown and State,
To load the Scale, and weigh'd my ſelf with Earth,

For

For you to ſpurn the Balance?

Raym. Bate the laſt; and 'tis what I would ſay;
Can I, can any Loyal Subject ſee
With Patience ſuch a ſtoop from Sovereignty,
An Ocean pour'd upon a narrow Brook?
My Zeal for you muſt lay the Father by,
And plead my Countrie's Cauſe againſt my Son.
What though his Heart be great, his Actions gallant;
He wants a Crown to poiſe againſt a Crown,
Birth to match Birth, and Power to balance Power.

Queen, All theſe I have, and theſe I can beſtow;
But he brings Worth and Vertue to my Bed;
And Vertue is the Wealth which Tyrants want:
I ſtand in need of one whoſe Glories may
Redeem my Crimes, ally me to his Fame,
Diſpell the Factions of my Foes on Earth,
Diſarm the Juſtice of the Powers above.

Raym. The People never will endure this choice.

Queen, If I endure it what imports it you?
Goe raiſe the Miniſters of my Revenge,
Guide with your Breath this whirling Tempeſt round,
And ſee its Fury fall where I deſign;
At laſt a time for juſt Revenge is given;
Revenge the darling attribute of Heaven:
But man, unlike his Maker, bears too long;
Still more expos'd, the more he pardons Wrong;
Great in forgiving, and in ſuffering brave;
To be a Saint he makes himſelf a Slave. [*Exit* Queen.

Raymond, (ſolus,) Marriage with *Torriſmond!* it muſt not be;
By Heaven, it muſt not be; or, if it be;
Law, Juſtice, Honour bid farwell to Earth;
For Heaven leaves all to Tyrants.

Enter Torriſmond, *who kneels to him.*

Tor. O, ever welcome, Sir,
But doubly now! you come in ſuch a time,
As if propitious Fortune took a care
To ſwell my Tide of Joys to their full height,
And leave me nothing farther to deſire.

Raym. I hope I come in time, if not to make,

At leaſt, to ſave your Fortune and your Honour:
Take heed you ſteer your Veſſel right, my Son,
This Calm of Heaven, this Mermayd's melody,
Into an unſeen whirl-pool draws you faſt,
And in a moment ſinks you.
Tor. Fortune cannot:
And Fate can ſcarce; I've made the Port already,
And laugh ſecurely at the lazy ſtorm
That wanted wings to reach me in the deep.
Your pardon, Sir; my duty calls me hence;
I go to find my Queen, my earthly Goddeſs,
To whom I owe my Hopes, my Life, my Love.
Raym. You owe her more perhaps than you imagin;
Stay, I command you ſtay, and hear me firſt,
This hour's the very *Criſis* of your Fate,
Your Good or Ill, your Infamy or Fame;
And all the colour of your Life depends
On this important Now.
Tor. I ſee no danger;
The City, Army, Court eſpouſe my Cauſe;
And, more then all, the Queen with publick favour
Indulges my Pretenſions to her Love.
Raym. Nay, if poſſeſſing her can make you happy,
'Tis granted, nothing hinders your Deſign.
Tor. If ſhe can make me bleſt? ſhe onely can:
Empire, and Wealth, and all ſhe brings beſide,
Are but the Train and Trappings of her Love:
The ſweeteſt, kindeſt, trueſt of her Sex,
In whoſe Poſſeſſion years roule round on years,
And Joys in Circles meet new Joys again:
Kiſſes, Embraces, Languiſhing and Death,
Still from each other, to each other move
To crown the various ſeaſons of our Love:
And doubt you if ſuch Love can make me happy?
Raym. Yes, for I think you love your Honour more.
Tor. And what can ſhock my Honour in a Queen?
Raym. A Tyrant, an Uſurper?
Tor. Grant ſhe be.
When from the Conquerour we hold our Lives,
We yield our ſelves his Subjects from that hour:

For

For mutual Benefits make mutual Ties.

Raym. Why, can you think I owe a Thief my Life,
Becauſe he took it not by lawleſs Force?
What if he did not all the Ill he cou'd?
Am I oblig'd, by that, t'aſſiſt his Rapines,
And to maintain his Murthers?

Tor. Not to maintain, but bear 'em unreveng'd;
Kings Titles commonly begin by Force,
Which Time wears off and mellows into Right:
So Power, which in one Age is Tyranny,
Is ripn'd in the next to true Succeſſion:
She's in Poſſeſſion.

Raym. So Diſeaſes are:
Shou'd not a lingring Fevor be remov'd;
Becauſe it long has rag'd within my Bloud?
Do I rebell when I wou'd thruſt it out?
What, ſhall I think the World was made for One,
And Men are born for Kings, as Beaſts for Men;
Not for Protection, but to be devour'd?
Mark thoſe who dote on Arbitrary Power,
And you ſhall find 'em either hot-brain'd Youth,
Or needy Bankrupts, ſervil in their greatneſs,
And Slaves to ſome, to lord it o'er the reſt.
O baſeneſs, to ſupport a Tyrant Throne,
And cruſh your Free-born-brethren of the World!
Nay, to become a part of Uſurpation;
To eſpouſe the Tyrants Perſon and her Crimes,
And, on a Tyrant, get a Race of Tyrants
To be your Country's Curſe in after Ages.

Tor. I ſee no Crime in her whom I adore,
Or if I do, her Beauty makes it none:
Look on me as a man abandon'd o'er
To an eternal Lethargy of Love;
To pull, and pinch, and wound me, cannot cure,
And but diſturb the Quiet of my Death.

Raym. O, Vertue! Vertue! what art thou become?
That men ſhould leave thee for that Toy a Woman
Made from the droſs and refuſe of a Man;
Heaven took him ſleeping when he made her too;
Had man been waking he had ne'er conſented.

Now Son ſuppoſe
Some brave Conſpiracy were ready form'd
To puniſh Tyrants and redeem the Land,
Cou'd you ſo far bely your Country's Hope,
As not to head the Party?

Tor. How cou'd my Hand rebell againſt my Heart?

Raym. How cou'd your Heart rebell againſt your Reaſon?

Tor. No Honour bids me fight againſt my ſelf;
The Royal Family is all extinct,
And ſhe who reigns beſtows her Crown on me:
So muſt I be ungratefull to the Living,
To be but vainly pious to the Dead;
While you defraud your Offspring of their Fate.

Raym. Mark who defraud their Offspring, you or I?
For know there yet ſurvives the lawfull Heir
Of *Sancho*'s bloud, whom when I ſhall produce,
I reſt aſſur'd to ſee you pale with Fear
And Trembling at his Name.

Tor. He muſt be more then Man who makes me tremble:
I dare him to the Field with all the ods
Of Juſtice on his ſide, againſt my Tyrant:
Produce your lawfull Prince, and you ſhall ſee
How brave a Rebell Love has made your Son.

Raym. Read that: 'Tis with the Royal Signet ſign'd,
And given me by the King when time ſhou'd ſerve
To be perus'd by you.

Torriſmond reads.

I the King.

My youngeſt and alone ſurviving Son
Reported dead t'eſcape rebellious rage
Till happier times ſhall call his Courage forth
To break my Fetters or revenge my Fate
I will that Raymond *educate as his,*
And call him Torriſmond———

If I am he, that Son, that *Torriſmond*,
The World contains not ſo forlorn a Wretch!

Let

Let never man believe he can be happy!
For when I thought my Fortune most secure,
One fatal moment tears me from my Joys:
And when two Hearts were joyn'd by mutual Love,
The Sword of Justice cuts upon the Knot,
And severs 'em for ever.

Raym. True; it must.

Tor. O cruel man, to tell me that it must!
If you have any Pity in your Breast,
Redeem me from this Labyrinth of Fate,
And plunge me in my first Obscurity:
The Secret is alone between us two;
And though you wou'd not hide me from my self,
O, yet be kind, conceal me from the World,
And be my Father still.

Raym. Your Lot's too glorious, and the Proof's too plain,
Now, in the name of Honour, Sir, I beg you
(Since I must use Authority no more)
On these old Knees I beg you, e'er I dye,
That I may see your Father's Death reveng'd.

Tor. Why, 'tis the onely business of my Life;
My Order's issued to recall the Army,
And *Bertran*'s Death resolv'd.

Raym. And not the Queen's; ô She's the chief Offender!
Shall Justice turn her Edge within your Hand?
No, if she scape, you are your self the Tyrant,
And Murtherer of your Father.

Tor. Cruel Fates,
To what have you reserv'd me!

Raym. Why that Sigh?

Tor. Since you must know, but break, ô break my Heart,
Before I tell my Fatal Story out,
Th' Usurper of my Throne, my House's Ruin,
The Murtherer of my Father, is my Wife!

Raym. O, Horrour! Horrour! after this Alliance,
Let Tygers match with Hinds, and Wolfs with Sheep,
And every Creature couple with his Foe.
How vainly Man designs when Heaven opposes!
I bred you up to Arms, rais'd you to Power,
Permitted you to fight for this Usurper,

Indeed

Indeed to ſave a Crown, not her's, but yours,
All to make ſure the Vengeance of this Day,
Which even this Day has ruin'd—one more queſtion
Let me but ask, and I have done for ever:
Do you yet love the Cauſe of all your Woes,
Or, is ſhe grown (as ſure ſhe ought to be)
More odious to your ſight than Toads and Adders?

Tor. O, there's the utmoſt Malice of my Fate,
That I am bound to hate, and born to love!

Raym. No more:——Farwell my much lamented King.
(*Aſide,*) I dare not truſt him with himſelf ſo far
To own him to the People as their King,
Before their Rage has finiſh'd my Deſigns
On *Bertran* and the *Queen*, but in Deſpight
Ev'n of himſelf I'll ſave him. [*Exit* Raymond.

Tor. 'Tis but a moment ſince I have been King,
And weary on't already; I'm a Lover,
Am lov'd, poſſeſs; yet all theſe make me wretched;
And Heav'n has giv'n me Bleſſings for a Curſe.
With what a load of Vengeance am I preſt,
Yet never, never, can I hope for Reſt;
For when my heavy Burthen I remove,
The weight falls down, and cruſhes her I love.

[*Exit* Torriſmond.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE, *A Bed-chamber.*

Enter Torriſmond.

Tor. LOve, Juſtice, Nature, Pity and Revenge
Have kindled up a Wild-fire in my Breaſt,
And I am all a Civil-war within!

Enter Queen *and* Tereſa *at a diſtance.*

My *Leonora* there!
Mine? Is ſhe mine? My Father's Murtherer mine?
Oh! that I could with Honour love her more,
Or hate her leſs with Reaſon! See, ſhe weeps;
Thinks me unkind, or falſe, and knows not why
I thus eſtrange my Perſon from her Bed:
Shall I not tell her? no: 'twill break her Heart:
She'll know too ſoon her own and my Misfortunes. [*Exit.*

Queen, He's gon, and I am loſt; Didſt thou not ſee
His ſullen Eyes? how gloomily they glanc'd:
He look'd not like the *Torriſmond* I lov'd.

Ter. Can you not gueſs from whence this Change proceeds?

Queen, No: there's the Grief, *Tereſa:* Oh, *Tereſa!*
Fain would I tell thee what I feel within,
But Shame and Modeſty have ty'd my Tongue!
Yet, I will tell, that thou maieſt weep with me.
How dear, how ſweet his firſt Embraces were!
With what a Zeal he join'd his Lips to mine!
And ſuckt my Breath at every word I ſpoke,
As if he drew his Inſpiration thence:
While both our Souls came upward to our Mouths,
As neighbouring Monarchs at their Borders meet:
I thought: Oh no; 'Tis falſe: I could not think;
'Twas neither Life nor Death, but both in one.

Ter. Then ſure his Tranſports were not leſs than yours.

Qu. More, more! for by the high-hung Tapers light
I cou'd diſcern his Cheeks were glowing red,

Indeed to ſave a Crown, not her's, but yours,
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'Twas neither Life nor Death, but both in one.

Ter. Then ſure his Tranſports were not leſs than yours.

Qu. More, more! for by the high-hung Tapers light
I cou'd diſcern his Cheeks were glowing red,

His very Eye-balls trembl'd with his Love,
And ſparkl'd through their Caſements humid Fires:
He ſigh'd and kiſs'd, breath'd ſhort, and wou'd have ſpoke,
But was too fierce to throw away the time;
All he cou'd ſay was Love, and *Leonora*.

Ter. How then can you ſuſpect him loſt ſo ſoon?

Qu. Laſt night he flew not with a Bridegroom's haſte,
Which eagerly prevents the pointed hour;
I told the Clocks, and watch'd the waſting Light,
And liſtned to each ſoftly treading ſtep,
In hope 'twas he: but ſtill it was not he.
At laſt he came, but with ſuch alter'd Looks,
So wild, ſo ghaſtly, as if ſome Ghoſt had met him;
All pale, and ſpeechleſs, he ſurvey'd me round;
Then, with a Groan, he threw himſelf a-bed,
But far from me, as far as he cou'd move,
And ſigh'd, and toſs'd, and turn'd, but ſtill from me.

Ter. What, all the night?

Queen, Even all the live long night.
At laſt: (for, bluſhing, I muſt tell thee all,)
I preſs'd his Hand, and laid me by his Side,
He pull'd it back, as if he touch'd a Serpent.
With that I burſt into a floud of Tears,
And ask'd him how I had offended him?
He anſwer'd nothing, but with Sighs and Groans,
So reſtleſs paſt the night: and at the Dawn
Leapt from the Bed, and vaniſh'd.

Ter. Sighs and Groans,
Paleneſs and Trembling, all are ſigns of Love;
He only fears to make you ſhare his Sorrows.

Queen, I wiſh 'twere ſo: but Love ſtill doubts the worſt;
My heavy Heart, the Propheteſs of Woes,
Foreboads ſome ill at hand: To ſooth my ſadneſs
Sing me the Song which poor *Olympia* made
When falſe *Bireno* left her.——

A SONG

A SONG.

I.

Farwell ungratefull Traytor,
Farwell my perjur'd Swain,
Let never injur'd Creature
Believe a Man again.
The Pleasure of Possessing
Surpasses all Expressing,
But 'tis too short a Blessing,
And Love too long a Pain.

II.

'Tis easie to deceive us
In pity of your Pain,
But when we love you leave us
To rail at you in vain.
Before we have descry'd it
There is no Bliss beside it,
But she that once has try'd it
Will never love again.

III.

The Passion you pretended
Was onely to obtain,
But when the Charm is ended
The Charmer you disdain.
Your Love by ours we measure
Till we have lost our Treasure,
But Dying is a Pleasure,
When Living is a Pain.

Re-enter Torrismond.

Tor. Still she is here, and still I cannot speak:
But wander like some discontend Ghost
That oft appears, but is forbid to talke. [*Going again.*
Queen, O, *Torrismond*, if you resolve my Death,
You need no more but to go hence again:
Will you not speak?
Tor. I cannot.
Qu. Speak! oh, speak!

Your Anger wou'd be kinder than your Silence.

Tor. Oh!

Queen, Do not ſigh, or tell me why you ſigh?

Tor. Why do I live, ye Powers?

Qu. Why do I live, to hear you ſpeak that word?
Some black mouth'd Villain has defam'd my Vertue.

Tor. No! No! Pray let me go.

Queen, (*kneeling*) You ſhall not goe:
By all the Pleaſures of our Nuptial-bed,
If ever I was lov'd, though now I 'm not,
By theſe true Tears, which from my wounded Heart
Bleed at my Eyes.——

Tor. Riſe.

Queen, I will never riſe,
I cannot chuſe a better place to dye.

Tor. Oh! I wou'd ſpeak, but cannot.

Queen, (*riſing*) Guilt keeps you ſilent then; you love me not:
What have I done? ye Powers, what have I done?
To ſee my Youth, my Beauty, and my Love
No ſooner gain'd, but ſlighted and betray'd:
And like a Roſe juſt gather'd from the Stalk,
But onely ſmelt, and cheaply thrown aſide
To wither on the ground.

Tere. For Heaven's ſake, Madam, moderate your Paſſion.

Queen, Why nam'ſt thou Heaven? there is no Heaven for me,
Deſpair, Death, Hell, have ſeiz'd my tortur'd Soul:
When I had rais'd his groveling Fate from ground,
To Pow'r and Love, to Empire and to Me;
When each Embrace was dearer than the firſt;
Then, then to be contemn'd; then, then thrown off;
It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd,
And loathſome: Oh! what Woman can bear Loathſome?
The Turtle flies not from his billing Mate,
He bills the cloſer: but ungratefull Man,
Baſe, barbarous Man, the more we raiſe our Love,
The more we pall, and cool, and kill his ardour.
Racks, Poiſon, Daggers, rid me but of Life;
And any Death is welcome.

Tor. Be witneſs all ye Powers that know my Heart,
I would have kept the fatal Secret hid,

But

But ſhe has conquer'd, to her Ruin conquer'd:
Here, take this Paper, reade our Deſtinies;
Yet do not; but in kindneſs to your ſelf,
Be ignorantly ſafe.
Qu. No! give it me,
Even though it be the Sentence of my Death.
Tor. Then ſee how much unhappy Love has made us.
O *Leonora!* Oh!
We two were born when ſullen Planets reign'd;
When each the others Influence oppos'd,
And drew the Stars to Factions at our Birth.
Oh! better, better had it been for us
That we had never ſeen, or never lov'd.
Queen, There is no Faith in Heaven, if Heaven ſays ſo,
You dare not give it.
Tor. As unwillingly,
As I would reach out *Opium* to a Friend
Who lay in Torture, and deſir'd to dye. [*Gives the Paper.*
But now you have it, ſpare my ſight the pain
Of ſeeing what a world of Tears it coſt you:
Go ſilently enjoy your part of Grief,
And ſhare the ſad Inheritance with me.
Queen, I have a thirſty Fevor in my Soul,
Give me but preſent Eaſe, and let me dye. *Exit* Qu. *and* Tereſ.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Arm, arm, my Lord, the City Bands are up,
Drums beating, Colours flying, Shouts confus'd;
All cluſtring in a heap, like ſwarming Hives,
And riſing in a moment.
Tor. With deſign to puniſh *Bertran*, and revenge the King,
'Twas order'd ſo.
Lor. Then you're betray'd, my Lord.
'Tis true, they block the Caſtle kept by *Bertran*,
But now they cry, Down with the Palace, Fire it,
Pull out th' uſurping Queen.
Tor. The Queen, *Lorenzo!* durſt they name the Queen?
Lor. If railing and reproching be to name her.
Tor. O Sacrilege! Say quickly who commands
This vile blaſpheming Rout?

Lor. I'm loth to tell you,
But both our Fathers thruſt 'em headlong on,
And bear down all before 'em.

Tor. Death and Hell!
Somewhat muſt be reſolv'd, and ſpeedily,
How ſayſt thou, my *Lorenzo?* darſt thou be
A Friend, and once forget thou art a Son,
To help me ſave the Queen?

Lor. (*Aſide.*) Let me conſider;
Bear Arms againſt my Father? he begat me;
That's true; but for whoſe ſake did he beget me?
For his own ſure enough: for me he knew not.
Oh! but ſays Conſcience: Fly in Nature's Face?
But how if Nature fly in my Face firſt?
Then Nature's the Aggreſſor: Let her look to't——
——He gave me Life, and he may take it back:——
No, that's Boys play, ſay I.——
'Tis Policy for Son and Father to take different ſides:
For then, Lands and Tenements commit no Treaſon.
(To *Tor.*) Sir, upon mature conſideration, I have found my Father
To be little better than a Rebel, and therefore I'll doe
My beſt to ſecure him for your ſake; in hope you may
Secure him hereafter for my ſake.

Tor. Put on thy utmoſt ſpeed to head the Troops
Which every moment I expect t'arrive:
Proclaim me, as I am, the lawfull King:
I need not caution thee for *Raymond*'s Life,
Though I no more muſt call him Father now.

Lor. (*Aſide.*) How! not call him Father?
I ſee Preferment alters a man ſtrangely,
This may ſerve me for a Uſe of Inſtruction,
To caſt off my Father when I am great.
Methought too he call'd himſelf the lawfull King:
Intimating ſweetly that he knows what's what
With our Sovereign Lady: Well, if I rout my
Father, as I hope in Heaven I ſhall, I am in a fair
Way to be a Prince of the Bloud: Farwell General; (Tawny.
I'll bring up thoſe that ſhall try what mettle there is in Orange-
[*Exit.*] (up

Tor. (*at the door.*) Haſt there, command the Guards be all drawn
Before

Before the Palace gate.——By Heaven, I'll face
This Tempeſt, and deſerve the Name of King.
O, *Leonora*, beauteous in thy Crimes,
Never were Hell and Heaven ſo match'd before!
Look upward, Fair, but as thou look'ſt on me;
Then all the Bleſt will begg that thou may'ſt live,
And even my Father's Ghoſt his Death forgive. [*Exit* Tor.

SCENE *The Palace-yard.*

Drums and Trumpets within.

Enter Raymond, Alphonſo, Pedro, *and their Party.*

Raym. Now, valiant Citizens, the time is come
To ſhow your Courage and your Loyalty:
You have a Prince of *Sancho*'s Royal Bloud,
The Darling of the Heavens and Joy of Earth;
When he's produc'd, as ſoon he ſhall, among you;
Speak, what will you adventure to re-ſeat him
Upon his Father's Throne?
Omn. Our Lives and Fortunes.
Raym. What then remains to perfect our Succeſs,
But o'er the Tyrant's Guards to force our way?
Omn. Lead on, Lead on.

Drums and Trumpets on the other Side.

Enter Torriſmond *and his Party: as they are going to fight, he ſpeaks.*

Tor. to his, Hold, hold your Arms.
Raym. to his, Retire.
Alph. What means this Pauſe?
Ped. Peace: Nature works within them. [Tor. & Ray. *go apart.*
Tor. How comes it, good old Man, that we two meet
On theſe harſh terms! thou very reverend Rebel?
Thou venerable Traitor, in whoſe Face
And hoary Hairs Treaſon is ſanctified;
And Sin's black dy ſeems blanch'd by Age to Vertue.
Raym. What Treaſon is it to redeem my King,
And to reform the State?

Tor. That's

Tor. That's a ſtale Cheat,
The primitive Rebel, *Lucifer*, firſt us'd it,
And was the firſt Reformer of the Skyes.
Raym. What if I ſee my Prince miſtake a Poiſon,
Call it a Cordial? Am I then a Traitor,
Becauſe I hold his Hand or break the Glaſs?
Tor. How darſt thou ſerve thy King againſt his Will?
Raym. Becauſe 'tis then the onely time to ſerve him.
Tor. I take the blame of all upon my ſelf,
Diſcharge thy weight on me.
Raym. O, never, never!
Why, 'tis to leave a Ship toſt in a Tempeſt
Without the Pilot's Care.
Tor. I'll puniſh thee,
By Heaven, I will, as I wou'd puniſh Rebels,
Thou ſtubborn loyal Man.
Raym. Firſt let me ſee
Her puniſht who miſleads you from your Fame,
Then burn me, hack me, hew me into pieces,
And I ſhall dye well pleas'd.
Tor. Proclaim my Title,
To ſave the effuſion of my Subjects Bloud, and thou ſhalt ſtill
Be as my Foſter-father near my Breaſt,
And next my *Leonora*.
Raym. That word ſtabs me.
You ſhall be ſtill plain *Torriſmond* with me,
Th' Abetter, Partner, (if you like that name,)
The Husband of a Tyrant, but no King;
Till you deſerve that Title by your Juſtice.
Tor. Then, farwell Pity, I will be obey'd.
(To the People.) Hear, you miſtaken Men, whoſe Loyalty
Runs headlong into Treaſon: See your Prince,
In me behold your murther'd *Sancho*'s Son;
Diſmiſs your Arms; and I forgive your Crimes.
Raym. Believe him not; he raves; his words are looſe
As heaps of Sand, and ſcattering, wide from ſenſe.
You ſee he knows not me, his natural Father;
But aiming to poſſeſs th' uſurping Queen,
So high he's mounted in his Aiery hopes,
That now the Wind is got into his Head,

And

And turns his Brains to Frenzy.

Tor. Hear me yet, I am———

Raym. Fall on, fall on, and hear him not:
But ſpare his Perſon for his Father's ſake.

Ped. Let me come, if he be mad, I have that ſhall cure him.
There's no Surgeon in all *Arragon* has ſo much
Dexterity as I have at breathing of the Temple-vein.

Tor. My Right for me.

Raym. Our Liberty for us.

Omn. Liberty, Liberty,——— [*As they are ready to fight.*

Enter Lorenzo *and his Party.*

Lor. On forfeit of your Lives lay down your Arms.

Alph. How, Rebel, art thou there?

Lor. Take your Rebel back again Father mine.
The beaten Party are Rebels to the Conquerours.
I have been at hard-head with your butting Citizens;
I have routed your Herd; I have diſperſt them;
And now they are retreated quietly,
From their extraordinary Vocation of Fighting in
The Streets, to their ordinary Vocation of Cozening
In their Shops.

Tor. to *Raym.* You ſee 'tis vain contending with the Truth,
Acknowledge what I am.

Raym. You are my King: wou'd you wou'd be your own;
But by a fatal fondneſs you betray
Your Fame and Glory to th' Uſurper's Bed:
Enjoy the Fruits of Bloud and Parricide,
Take your own Crown from *Leonora's* Gift,
And hug your Father's Murtherer in your Arms.

Enter Queen *and* Tereſa: *Women.*

Alph. No more: behold the Queen.

Raym. Behold the *Baſilisk* of *Torriſmond*,
That kills him with her eyes, I will ſpeak on,
My Life is of no further uſe to me:
I would have chaffer'd it before for Vengeance:
Now let it go for Failing.

Tor. (Aſide.) My Heart ſinks in me while I hear him ſpeak,
And every ſlackn'd fiber drops its hold,

Like Nature letting down the Springs of Life:
So much the Name of Father aws me ſtill.
Send off the Crowd: (mands,
For you, now I have conquer'd, I can hear with honour your De-
Lor. to *Alph.* Now, Sir, who proves the Traitor? My Conſcience
Is true to me, it alwaies whiſpers right when
I have my Regiment to back it.
[*Exeunt omnes præter* Tor. Ray. Leon.
Tor. O *Leonora!* what can Love do more?
I have oppos'd your ill Fate to the utmoſt:
Combated Heaven and Earth to keep you mine:
And yet at laſt that Tyrant, Juſtice! Oh ——.
Queen, 'Tis paſt, 'tis paſt: and Love is ours no more:
Yet I complain not of the Powers above;
They made m'a Miſer's feaſt of Happineſs,
And cou'd not furniſh out another meal.
Now, by yon' Stars, by Heaven, and Earth, and Men;
By all my Foes at once; I ſwear, my *Torriſmond*,
That to have had you mine for one ſhort day
Has cancell'd half my mighty ſum of Woes:
Say but you hate me not.
Tor. I cannot hate you.
Raym. Can you not? ſay that once more;
That all the Saints may witneſs it againſt you.
Queen, Cruel *Raymond!*
Can he not puniſh me but he muſt hate?
O! 'tis not Juſtice, but a brutal Rage,
Which hates th' Offender's perſon with his Crimes:
I have enough to overwhelm one Woman,
To loſe a Crown and Lover in a day:
Let Pity lend a Tear when Rigour ſtrikes.
Raym. Then, then you ſhould have thought of Tears and Pity,
When Vertue, Majeſty, and hoary Age
Pleaded for *Sancho*'s Life.
Qu. My future days ſhall be one whole Contrition;
A Chapel will I build with large Endowment,
Where every day an hundred aged men
Shall all hold up their wither'd hands to Heaven,
To pardon *Sancho*'s Death.
Tor. See, *Raymond*, ſee: ſhe makes a large amends:

Sancho

Sancho is dead: no puniſhment of her
Can raiſe his cold ſtiff limbs from the dark Grave;
Nor can his bleſſed Soul look down from Heaven;
Or break th' eternal Sabbath of his Reſt,
To ſee with Joy her Miſeries on Earth.

Raym. Heaven may forgive a Crime to Penitence,
For Heaven can judge if Penitence be true;
But man, who knows not Hearts, ſhould make Examples;
Which like a Warning-piece muſt be ſhot off,
To fright the reſt from Crimes.

Queen, Had I but known that *Sancho* was his Father,
I would have pour'd a Deluge of my Bloud
To ſave one Drop of his.

Tor. Mark that, Inexorable *Raymond* mark!
'Twas fatal Ignorance that caus'd his Death.

Raym. What if ſhe did not know he was your Father?
She knew he was a Man, the Beſt of men,
Heaven's Image double ſtampt, as Man and King.

Qu. He was, he was, ev'n more than you can ſay,
But yet———

Raym. But yet you barbarouſly murther'd him.

Queen, He will not hear me out!

Tor. Was ever Criminal forbid to plead?
Curb your ill manner'd Zeal.

Raym. Sing to him *Syren*;
For I ſhall ſtop my Ears: now mince the Sin,
And mollifie Damnation with a Phraſe:
Say you conſented not to *Sancho's* Death,
But barely not forbad it.

Qu. Hard hearted Man, I yield my guilty cauſe,
But all my Guilt was caus'd by too much Love.
Had I for Jealouſie of Empire ſought
Good *Sancho's* Death, *Sancho* had dy'd before.
'Twas alwaies in my Power to take his Life:
But Intereſt never could my Conſcience blind
Till Love had caſt a miſt before my Eyes;
And made me think his Death the onely means
Which could ſecure my Throne to *Torriſmond*.

Tor. Never was fatal Miſchief meant ſo kind,
For all ſhe gave, has taken all away.

Malicious Pow'rs! is this to be reſtor'd?
'Tis to be worſe depos'd than *Sancho* was.
Raym. Heaven has reſtor'd you, you depoſe your ſelf:
Oh! when young Kings begin with ſcorn of Juſtice,
They make an Omen to their after Reign,
And blot their Annals in the foremoſt page.
Tor. No more; leſt you be made the firſt Example,
To ſhow how I can puniſh.
Raym. Once again:
Let her be made your Father's Sacrifice,
And after make me her's.
Tor. Condemn a Wife!
That were to attone for Parricide with Murther!
Raym. Then let her be divorc'd! we'll be content
With that poor ſcanty Juſtice: Let her part.
Tor. Divorce! that's worſe than Death, 'tis Death of Love.
Queen, The Soul and Body part not with ſuch Pain
As I from you: but yet 'tis juſt, my Lord:
I am th' Accurſt of Heaven, the Hate of Earth,
Your Subjects Deteſtation, and your Ruin:
And therefore fix this doom upon my ſelf.
Tor. Heav'n! Can you wiſh it? to be mine no more!
Queen, Yes, I can wiſh it as the deareſt Proof
And laſt that I can make you of my Love.
To leave you bleſt I would be more accurſt
Than Death can make me; for Death ends our Woes,
And the kind Grave ſhuts up the mournfull Scene:
But I would live without you; to be wretched long:
And hoard up every moment of my life,
To lengthen out the Payment of my Tears,
Till ev'n fierce *Raymond*, at the laſt, ſhall ſay,
Now let her dye, for ſhe has griev'd enough.
Tor. Hear this, hear this thou Tribune of the People:
Thou zealous, publick Bloud-hound hear, and melt.
Raym. (*Aſide.*) I could cry now, my Eyes grow womaniſh,
But yet my Heart holds out.
Queen, Some ſolitary Cloiſter will I chuſe,
And there with holy Virgins live immur'd:
Courſe my Attire, and ſhort ſhall be my Sleep,
Broke by the melancholy midnight Bell:

Now,

Now, *Raymond*, now be satisfied at last.
Fasting and Tears, and Penitence and Prayer
Shall doe dead *Sancho* Justice every hour.
Raym. (Aside.) By your leave, Manhood! [*Wipes his Eyes.*
Tor. He weeps, now he's vanquish'd.
Raym. No! 'Tis a salt rheum that scalds my Eyes.
Qu. If he were vanquish'd, I am still unconquer'd,
I'll leave you in the height of all my Love,
Ev'n when my Heart is beating out its way,
And struggles to you most.
Farwell, a last Farwell! My dear, dear Lord
Remember me; speak, *Raymond*, will you let him?
Shall he remember *Leonora*'s Love,
And shed a parting Tear to her Misfortunes?
Raym. (Almost crying.) Yes, yes, he shall, pray goe.
Tor. Now, By my Soul, she shall not goe: why, *Raymond*,
Her every Tear is worth a Father's Life;
Come to my Arms, come, my fair Penitent,
Let us not think what future Ills may fall,
But drink deep Draughts of Love, and lose 'em all.
[*Exit* Tor. *with the* Queen.
Raym. No matter yet, he has my Hook within him,
Now let him frisk and flounce and run and rowle,
And think to break his hold. He toils in vain:
This Love, the Bait he gorg'd so greedily,
Will make him sick, and then I have him sure.

Enter Alphonso, *and* Pedro.

Alph. Brother, there's News from *Bertran*; he desires
Admittance to the King, and cryes aloud,
This day shall end our Fears of Civil War:
For his safe Conduct he entreats your Presence,
And begs you would be speedy.
Raym. Though I loath
The Traitor's sight, I'll go: Attend us here. [*Exit* Ray.

Enter Gomez, Elvira, Dominic, *with Officers, to make the Stage as full as possible.*

Pedro. Why, how now *Gomez*: what mak'st thou here with a whole Brother-hood of City Bailifs? why, thou lookest like *Adam*

in Paradise, with his guard of Beasts about him.

Gom. Ay, and a man had need of them, Don *Pedro*: for here are the two old Seducers, a Wife and Priest, that's *Eve* and the Serpent, at my Elbow.

Dom. Take notice how uncharitably he talks of Church men.

Gom. Indeed you are a charitable *Bellwagger*: my Wife cry'd out Fire, Fire; and you brought out your Church buckets, and call'd for Engines to play against it.

Alph. I am sorry you are come hither to accuse your Wife, her Education has been vertuous, her Nature mild and easie.

Gom. Yes! she's easie with a Vengeance, there's a certain Colonel has found her so.

Alph. She came a spotless Virgin to your Bed.

Gom. And she's a spotless Virgin still for me—she's never the worse for my wearing, I'll take my Oath on't: I have liv'd with her with all the Innocence of a Man of Threescore; like a peaceable Bedfellow as I am——

Elvi. Indeed, Sir, I have no reason to complain of him for disturbing of my Sleep.

Dom. A fine Commendation you have given your self; the Church did not marry you for that.

Pedro, Come, come, your Grievances, your Grievances.

Dom. Why, Noble Sir, I'll tell you.

Gom. Peace Fryar! and let me speak first. I am the Plaintiff. Sure you think you are in the Pulpit where you preach by hours.

Dom. And you edifie by minutes.

Gom. Where you make Doctrins for the People, and Uses and Applications for your selves.

Pedro, *Gomez*, give way to the old Gentleman in black.

Gom. No! the t'other old Gentleman in black shall take me if I do! I will speak first! nay, I will, Fryar! for all your *Verbum Sacerdotis*, I'll speak truth in few words, and then you may come afterwards, and lye by the clock as you use to doe. For, let me tell you, Gentlemen, he shall lye and forswear himself with any Fryar in all *Spain*: that's a bold word now——

Dom. Let him alone: let him alone; I shall fetch him back with a *Circum-bendibus* I warrant him.

Alph. Well, What have you to say against your Wife, *Gomez*?

Gom. Why, I say, in the first place, that I and all men are married for our Sins, and that our Wives are a Judgement; that a Batch-

elour-

clour-cobler is a happier man than a Prince in Wedlock; that we are all visited with a Houshold Plague, and, *Lord have mercy upon us* should be written on all our doors.

Dom. Now he reviles Marriage which is one of the seven blessed Sacraments.

Gom. 'Tis liker one of the seven deadly Sins: but make your best on't, I care not: 'tis but binding a man Neck and Heels for all that! But as for my Wife, that *Crocodile* of *Nilus*, she has wickedly and traiterously conspir'd the Cuckoldom of me her anointed Sovereign Lord: and, with the help of the aforesaid Fryar, whom Heaven confound, and, with the Limbs of one Colonel *Hernando*, Cuckold-maker of this City, devilishly contriv'd to steal herself away, and under her Arm feloniously to bear one Casket of Diamonds, Pearls, and other Jewels, to the Value of 30000 Pistols. Guilty, or Not guilty; how saiest thou Culprit?

Dom. False and scandalous! Give me the Book. I'll take my corporal Oath pointblank against every particular of this Charge.

Elvi. And so will I.

Dom. As I was walking in the Streets, telling my Beads, and praying to my self, according to my usual custom, I heard a foul Out-cry before *Gomez* his Portal; and his Wife, my Penitent, making dolefull Lamentations: Thereupon, making what haste my Limbs would suffer me, that are crippl'd with often kneeling, I saw him Spurning and Fisting her most unmercifully; whereupon, using Christian Arguments with him to desist, he fell violently upon me, without respect to my Sacerdotal Orders, pusht me from him, and turn'd me about with a Finger and a Thumb, just as a Man would set up a Top. Mercy, quoth I. Damme, quoth he. And still continued Labouring me, till a good minded Colonel came by, whom, as Heaven shall save me, I had never seen before.

Gom. O Lord! O Lord!

Dom. Ay, and, O Lady! O Lady too! I redouble my Oath, I had never seen him. Well, this Noble Colonel, like a true Gentleman, was for taking the weaker part you may be sure—whereupon this *Gomez* flew upon him like a Dragon, got him down, the Devil being strong in him, and gave him Baftinado on Baftinado, and Buffet upon buffet, which the poor, meek Colonel, being prostrate, suffered with a most Christian Patience.

Gom. Who? he meek? I'm sure I quake at the very thought of him,

him; why, he's as fierce as *Rhodomont*, he made Aſſault and Battery upon my Perſon, beat me into all the colours of the Rainbow. And every word this abominable Prieſt has utter'd is as falſe as the *Alcoran*. But if you want a thorough pac'd Lyar that will ſwear through thick and thin, commend me to a Fryar.

Enter Lorenzo, *who comes behind the Company, and ſtands at his Father's back unſeen, over againſt* Gomez.

Lor. (*Aſide.*) How now! What's here to doe? my Cauſe a trying, as I live, and that before my own Father: now Fourſcore take him for an old bawdy Magiſtrate, that ſtands like the Picture of Madam Juſtice, with a pair of Scales in his Hand, to weigh Lechery by Ounces.

Alph. Well—but all this while, who is this Colonel *Hernando*?

Gom. He's the Firſt-begotten of *Beelzebub*, with a Face as terrible as *Demogorgon*.

{Lorenzo *peeps up over* Alph. *head, and ſtares at* Gomez.

No! I lye, I lye:
He's a very proper, handſom fellow! well proportion'd, and clean ſhap'd, with a Face like a Cherubin.

Ped. What, backward and forward *Gomez*? doſt thou hunt counter?

Alph. Had this Colonel any former Deſign upon your Wife? for, if that be prov'd, you ſhall have Juſtice.

Gom. (*Aſide.*) Now I dare ſpeak; let him look as dreadfully as he will. I ſay, Sir, and I will prove it, that he had a lewd Deſign upon her Body, and attempted to corrupt her Honeſty.

[Lor. *lifts up his Fiſt clench'd at him.*

I confeſs my Wife was as willing as himſelf; and, I believe, 'twas ſhe corrupted him: for I have known him formerly a very civil and modeſt perſon.

Elvi. You ſee, Sir, he contradicts himſelf at every word: he's plainly mad.

Alph. Speak boldly man! and ſay what thou wilt ſtand by: did he ſtrike thee?

Gom. I will ſpeak boldly: He ſtruck me on the Face before my own threſhold, that the very walls cry'd ſhame on him.

[Lor. *holds up again.*

'Tis

'Tis true, I gave him Provocation, for the man's as peaceable a Gentleman as any is in all *Spain*.

Dom. Now the Truth comes out in ſpight of him.

Ped. I believe the Fryar has bewitch'd him.

Alph. For my part, I ſee no wrong that has been offer'd him.

Gom. How? no wrong? why, he raviſh'd me with the help of two Souldiers, carried me away *vi & armis*, and would have put me into a Plot againſt the Government. [Lor. *holds up again.*

I confeſs, I never could endure the Government, becauſe it was Tyrannical: but my Sides and Shoulders are Black and Blew, as I can ſtrip, and ſhew the Marks of 'em. [Lor. *again.*

But that might happen too by a Fall that I got yeſterday upon the Pebbles. [*All laugh.*

Dom. Freſh Straw, and a dark Chamber: a moſt manifeſt Judgment, there never comes better of railing againſt the Church.

Gom. Why, what will you have me ſay? I think you'll make me mad: Truth has been at my Tongue's end this half hour, and I have not power to bring it out for fear of this bloudy minded Colonel.

Alph. What Colonel?

Gom. Why, my Colonel: I mean, my Wife's Colonel that appears there to me like my *malus genius*, and terrifies me.

Alph. (Turning.) Now you are mad indeed, *Gomez*; this is my Son *Lorenzo*.

Gom. How! your Son *Lorenzo!* it is impoſſible.

Alph. As true as your Wife *Elvira* is my Daughter.

Lor. What, have I taken all this pains about a Siſter?

Gom. No, you have taken ſome about me: I am ſure, if you are her Brother, my Sides can ſhew the Tokens of our Alliance.

Alph. to *Lor.* You know I put your Siſter into a Nunnery, with a ſtrict Command, not to ſee you, for fear you ſhould have wrought upon her to have taken the Habit, which was never my Intention; and conſequently, I married her without your knowledge, that it might not be in your power to prevent it.

Elvi. You ſee, Brother, I had a natural affection to you.

Lor. What a delicious Harlot have I loſt! Now, Pox upon me, for being ſo near akin to thee.

Elvi. However, we are both beholding to Fryar *Dominic*, the Church is an indulgent Mother, ſhe never fails to doe her part.

Dom. Heaven! what will become of me?

Gom. Why, you are not like to trouble Heaven; thoſe fat Guts were never made for mounting.

Lor. I ſhall make bold to diſburthen him of my hundred Piſtols, to make him the lighter for his Journey: Indeed, 'tis partly out of Conſcience, that I may not be acceſſary to his breaking his Vow of Poverty.

Alphon. I have no ſecular Power to reward the Pains you have taken with my Daughter: But I ſhall do't by Proxy, Fryar, your Biſhop's my Friend, and is too honeſt to let ſuch as you infect a Cloiſter.

Gom. Ay, doe Father-in-law, let him be ſtript of his Habit, and diſorder'd——I would fain ſee him walk in Quirpo, like a cas'd Rabbit, without his holy Fur upon his Back, that the World may once behold the inſide of a Fryar.

Dom. Farwell, kind Gentlemen: I give you all my Bleſſing before I go——

May your Siſters, Wives, and Daughters, be ſo naturally lewd, that they may have no occaſion for a Devil to tempt, or a Fryar to pimp for 'em. [*Exit, with a Rabble puſhing him.*

Enter Torriſmond, Leonora, Bertran, Raymond, Tereſa, &c.

Tor. He lives! he lives! my Royal Father lives!
Let every one partake the general Joy.
Some Angel with a golden Trumpet ſound,
King *Sancho* lives! and let the echoing skies
From Pole to Pole reſound, King *Sancho* lives.
O *Bertran*, 6! no more my Foe, but, Brother:
One act like this blots out a thouſand Crimes.

Bertr. Bad men, when 'tis their Intereſt, may doe good;
I muſt confeſs, I counſel'd *Sancho's* Murther;
And urg'd the Queen by ſpecious Arguments:
But ſtill, ſuſpecting that her Love was chang'd,
I ſpread abroad the Rumour of his Death,
To ſound the very Soul of her Deſigns:
Th' Event you know was anſwering to my Fears:
She threw the *Odium* of the Fact on me,
And publickly avow'd her Love to you.

Raym. Heaven guided all to ſave the Innocent.

Bert. I plead no Merit, but a bare Forgiveneſs.

Tor. Not onely that, but Favour: *Sancho's* Life,

Whether

Whether by Vertue or Design preserv'd,
Claims all within my power.

Queen, My Prayers are heard;
And I have nothing farther to desire,
But *Sancho*'s leave to authorize our Marriage.

Tor. Oh! fear not him! Pity and he are one;
So mercifull a King did never live;
Loth to revenge, and easie to forgive:
But let the bold Conspirator beware,
For Heaven makes Princes its peculiar Care. [*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

Lately printed.

Lucius Junius Brutus, Father of his Country; A Tragedy acted at the Duke's Theatre: Written by Mr. *Lee*.

Contemplations upon the Life of the Holy *Jesus*, written by the Bishop of *Exeter*.

Both sold by *J. Tonson*.

EPILOGUE,

By a Friend of the Author's.

THere's none I'am sure, who is a Friend to Love,
But will our Fryar's Character approve:
The ablest Spark among you sometimes needs
Such pious help for charitable Deeds.
Our Church, alas! (as Rome *objects) does wage*
These Ghostly Comforts for the falling Saint;
This gains them their Whore-Converts, and may be
One Reason of the Growth of Popery.
So Mahomet's Religion came in fashion,
By the large leave it gave to Fornication.
Fear not the guilt, if you can pay for't well,
There is no Dives in the Roman *Hell.*
Gold opens the strait gate, and lets him in;
But want of money is a mortal sin.
For all besides you may discount to Heaven,
And drop a Bead to keep the Tallies even.
How are men cozen'd still with shews of good!
The Baud's best Mask is the grave Fryar's Hood.
Though Vice no more a Clergy-man displeases,
Than Doctors can be thought to have Diseases:
'Tis by your living ill that they live well,
By your Debauches their fat Paunches swell.
'Tis a meek war between the Priest and Devil,
When they think fit, they can be very civil.
As some who did French *Counsels most advance,*
To blind the World, have rail'd in Print at France.
Thus do the Clergy at your Vices bawl,
That with more ease they may engross them all.
By damning yours, they do their own maintain.
A Church-man's godliness is always gain.
Hence to their Prince they will superiour be;
And civil Treason grows Church-Loyalty:
They boast the gift of Heaven is in their power;
Well may they give the God they can devour.
Still to the sick and dead their claims they lay;
For 'tis on Carrion that the Vermin prey.
Nor have they less Dominion on our Life,
They tret the Husband, and they pace the Wife.
Rouze up you Cuckolds of the Northern climes,
And learn from Sweden *to prevent such crimes.*
Unman the Fryar, And leave the lazy Drone
To hum in his forsaken Hive alone;
He'll work no Honey when his sting is gone.
Your Wives and Daughters soon will leave the Cells,
When they have lost the sound of Aaron's *Bells.*

FINIS.

At leaſt, to ſave your Fortune and your Honour:
Take heed you ſteer your Veſſel right, my Son,
This Calm of Heaven, this Mermayd's melody,
Into an unſeen whirl-pool draws you faſt,
And in a moment ſinks you.

Tor. Fortune cannot:
And Fate can ſcarce; I've made the Port already,
And laugh ſecurely at the lazy ſtorm
That wanted wings to reach me in the deep.
Your pardon, Sir; my duty calls me hence;
I go to find my Queen, my earthly Goddeſs,
To whom I owe my Hopes, my Life, my Love.

Raym. You owe her more perhaps than you imagin;
Stay, I command you ſtay, and hear me firſt,
This hour's the very *Criſis* of your Fate,
Your Good or Ill, your Infamy or Fame;
And all the colour of your Life depends
On this important Now.

Tor. I ſee no danger;
The City, Army, Court eſpouſe my Cauſe;
And, more then all, the Queen with publick favour
Indulges my Pretenſions to her Love.

Raym. Nay, if poſſeſſing her can make you happy,
'Tis granted, nothing hinders your Deſign.

Tor. If ſhe can make me bleſt? ſhe onely can:
Empire, and Wealth, and all ſhe brings beſide,
Are but the Train and Trappings of her Love.
The ſweeteſt, kindeſt, trueſt of her Sex,
In whoſe Poſſeſſion years roule round on years,
And Joys in Circles meet new Joys again:
Kiſſes, Embraces, Languiſhing and Death,
Still from each other, to each other move
To crown the various ſeaſons of our Love:
And doubt you if ſuch Love can make me happy?

Raym. Yes, for I think you love your Honour more.

Tor. And what can ſhock my Honour in a Queen?

Raym. A Tyrant, an Uſurper?

Tor. Grant ſhe be.
When from the Conquerour we hold our Lives,
We yield our ſelves his Subjects from that hour:

For mutual Benefits make mutual Ties.

Raym. Why, can you think I owe a Thief my Life,
Becauſe he took it not by lawleſs Force?
What if he did not all the Ill he cou'd?
Am I oblig'd, by that, t'aſſiſt his Rapines,
And to maintain his Murthers?

Tor. Not to maintain, but bear 'em unreveng'd;
Kings Titles commonly begin by Force,
Which Time wears off and mellows into Right:
So Power, which in one Age is Tyranny,
Is ripn'd in the next to true Succeſſion:
She's in Poſſeſſion.

Raym. So Diſeaſes are:
Shou'd not a lingring Eevor be remov'd;
Becauſe it long has rag'd within my Bloud?
Do I rebell when I wou'd thruſt it out?
What, ſhall I think the World was made for One,
And Men are born for Kings, as Beaſts for Men;
Not for Protection, but to be devour'd?
Mark thoſe who dote on Arbitrary Power,
And you ſhall find 'em either hot-brain'd Youth,
Or needy Bankrupts, ſervil in their greatneſs,
And Slaves to ſome, to lord it o'er the reſt.
O baſeneſs, to ſupport a Tyrant Throne,
And cruſh your Free-born-brethren of the World!
Nay, to become a part of Uſurpation;
To eſpouſe the Tyrants Perſon and her Crimes,
And, on a Tyrant, get a Race of Tyrants
To be your Country's Curſe in after Ages.

Tor. I ſee no Crime in her whom I adore,
Or if I do, her Beauty makes it none:
Look on me as a man abandon'd o'er
To an eternal Lethargy of Love;
To pull, and pinch, and wound me, cannot cure,
And but diſturb the Quiet of my Death.

Raym. O, Vertue! Vertue! what art thou become?
That men ſhould leave thee for that Toy a Woman
Made from the droſs and refuſe of a Man;
Heaven took him ſleeping when he made her too;
Had man been waking he had ne'er conſented.

Now Son ſuppoſe
Some brave Conſpiracy were ready form'd
To puniſh Tyrants and redeem the Land,
Cou'd you ſo far bely your Country's Hope,
As not to head the Party?

Tor. How cou'd my Hand rebell againſt my Heart?

Raym. How cou'd your Heart rebell againſt your Reaſon?

Tor. No Honour bids me fight againſt my ſelf;
The Royal Family is all extinct,
And ſhe who reigns beſtows her Crown on me:
So muſt I be ungratefull to the Living,
To be but vainly pious to the Dead;
While you defraud your Offspring of their Fate.

Raym. Mark who defraud their Offspring, you or I?
For know there yet ſurvives the lawfull Heir
Of *Sancho*'s bloud, whom when I ſhall produce,
I reſt aſſur'd to ſee you pale with Fear
And Trembling at his Name.

Tor. He muſt be more then Man who makes me tremble:
I dare him to the Field with all the ods
Of Juſtice on his ſide, againſt my Tyrant:
Produce your lawfull Prince, and you ſhall ſee
How brave a Rebell Love has made your Son.

Raym. Read that: 'Tis with the Royal Signet ſign'd,
And given me by the King when time ſhou'd ſerve
To be perus'd by you.

Torriſmond reads.

I the King.

My youngeſt and alone ſurviving Son
Reported dead t' eſcape rebellious rage
Till happier times ſhall call his Courage forth
To break my Fetters or revenge my Fate
I will that Raymond *educate as his,*
And call him Torriſmond ——

If I am he, that Son, that *Torriſmond*,
The World contains not ſo forlorn a Wretch!

Let

Let never man believe he can be happy!
For when I thought my Fortune most secure,
One fatal moment tears me from my Joys:
And when two Hearts were joyn'd by mutual Love,
The Sword of Justice cuts upon the Knot,
And severs 'em for ever.

Raym. True; it must.

Tor. O cruel man, to tell me that it must!
If you have any Pity in your Breast,
Redeem me from this Labyrinth of Fate,
And plunge me in my first Obscurity:
The Secret is alone between us two;
And though you wou'd not hide me from my self,
O, yet be kind, conceal me from the World,
And be my Father still.

Raym. Your Lot's too glorious, and the Proof's too plain,
Now, in the name of Honour, Sir, I beg you
(Since I must use Authority no more)
On these old Knees I beg you, e'er I dye,
That I may see your Father's Death reveng'd.

Tor. Why, 'tis the onely bus'ness of my Life;
My Order's issued to recall the Army,
And *Bertran*'s Death resolv'd.

Raym. And not the Queen's; ô She's the chief Offender!
Shall Justice turn her Edge within your Hand?
No, if she scape, you are your self the Tyrant,
And Murtherer of your Father.

Tor. Cruel Fates,
To what have you reserv'd me!

Raym. Why that Sigh?

Tor. Since you must know, but break, ô break my Heart,
Before I tell my Fatal Story out,
Th' Usurper of my Throne, my House's Ruin,
The Murtherer of my Father, is my Wife!

Raym. O, Horrour! Horrour! after this Alliance,
Let Tygers match with Hinds, and Wolfs with Sheep,
And every Creature couple with his Foe.
How vainly Man designs when Heaven opposes!
I bred you up to Arms, rais'd you to Power,
Permitted you to fight for this Usurper,

Indeed

Indeed to ſave a Crown, not her's, but yours,
All to make ſure the Vengeance of this Day,
Which even this Day has ruin'd——one more queſtion
Let me but ask, and I have done for ever:
Do you yet love the Cauſe of all your Woes,
Or, is ſhe grown (as ſure ſhe ought to be)
More odious to your ſight than Toads and Adders?

Tor. O, there's the utmoſt Malice of my Fate,
That I am bound to hate, and born to love!

Raym. No more:——Farwell my much lamented King.
(*Aſide,*) I dare not truſt him with himſelf ſo far
To own him to the People as their King,
Before their Rage has finiſh'd my Deſigns
On *Bertran* and the *Queen*, but in Deſpight
Ev'n of himſelf I'll ſave him. [*Exit* Raymond.

Tor. 'Tis but a moment ſince I have been King,
And weary on't already; I'm a Lover,
Am lov'd, poſſeſs; yet all theſe make me wretched;
And Heav'n has giv'n me Bleſſings for a Curſe.
With what a load of Vengeance am I preſt,
Yet never, never, can I hope for Reſt;
For when my heavy Burthen I remove,
The weight falls down, and cruſhes her I love.

[*Exit* Torriſmond.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE, *A Bed-chamber.*

Enter Torrismond.

Tor. LOve, Justice, Nature, Pity and Revenge
Have kindled up a Wild-fire in my Breast,
And I am all a Civil-war within!

Enter Queen *and* Teresa *at a distance.*

My *Leonora* there!
Mine? Is she mine? My Father's Murtherer mine?
Oh! that I could with Honour love her more,
Or hate her less with Reason! See, she weeps;
Thinks me unkind, or false, and knows not why
I thus estrange my Person from her Bed:
Shall I not tell her? no: 'twill break her Heart:
She'll know too soon her own and my Misfortunes. [*Exit.*

Queen, He's gon, and I am lost; Didst thou not see
His sullen Eyes? how gloomily they glanc'd:
He look'd not like the *Torrismond* I lov'd.

Ter. Can you not guess from whence this Change proceeds?

Queen, No: there's the Grief, *Teresa*: Oh, *Teresa!*
Fain would I tell thee what I feel within,
But Shame and Modesty have ty'd my Tongue!
Yet, I will tell, that thou maiest weep with me.
How dear, how sweet his first Embraces were!
With what a Zeal he join'd his Lips to mine!
And suckt my Breath at every word I spoke,
As if he drew his Inspiration thence:
While both our Souls came upward to our Mouths,
As neighbouring Monarchs at their Borders meet:
I thought: Oh no; 'Tis false: I could not think;
'Twas neither Life nor Death, but both in one.

Ter. Then sure his Transports were not less than yours.

Qu. More, more! for by the high-hung Tapers light
I cou'd discern his Cheeks were glowing red,

His very Eye-balls trembl'd with his Love,
And ſparkl'd through their Caſements humid Fires:
He ſigh'd and kiſs'd, breath'd ſhort, and wou'd have ſpoke,
But was too fierce to throw away the time;
All he cou'd ſay was Love, and *Leonora*.
Ter. How then can you ſuſpect him loſt ſo ſoon?
Qu. Laſt night he flew not with a Bridegroom's haſte,
Which eagerly prevents the pointed hour;
I told the Clocks, and watch'd the waſting Light,
And liſtned to each ſoftly treading ſtep,
In hope 'twas he: but ſtill it was not he.
At laſt he came, but with ſuch alter'd Looks,
So wild, ſo ghaſtly, as if ſome Ghoſt had met him;
All pale, and ſpeechleſs, he ſurvey'd me round;
Then, with a Groan, he threw himſelf a-bed,
But far from me, as far as he cou'd move,
And ſigh'd, and toſs'd, and turn'd, but ſtill from me.
Ter. What, all the night?
Queen, Even all the live-long-night.
At laſt: (for, bluſhing, I muſt tell thee all,)
I preſs'd his Hand, and laid me by his Side,
He pull'd it back, as if he touch'd a Serpent.
With that I burſt into a floud of Tears,
And ask'd him how I had offended him?
He anſwer'd nothing, but with Sighs and Groans,
So reſtleſs paſt the night: and at the Dawn
Leapt from the Bed, and vaniſh'd.
Ter. Sighs and Groans,
Paleneſs and Trembling, all are ſigns of Love;
He onely fears to make you ſhare his Sorrows.
Queen, I wiſh 'twere ſo: but Love ſtill doubts the worſt;
My heavy Heart, the Propheteſs of Woes,
Foreboads ſome ill at hand: To ſooth my ſadneſs
Sing me the Song which poor *Olympia* made
When falſe *Bireno* left her.——

A SONG.

A SONG.

I.

Farwell ungratefull Traytor,
Farwell my perjur'd Swain,
Let never injur'd Creature
Believe a Man again.
The Pleaſure of Poſſeſſing
Surpaſſes all Expreſſing,
But 'tis too ſhort a Bleſſing,
And Love too long a Pain.

II.

'Tis eaſie to deceive us
In pity of your Pain,
But when we love you leave us
To rail at you in vain.
Before we have deſcry'd it
There is no Bliſs beſide it,
But ſhe that once has try'd it
Will never love again.

III.

The Paſſion you pretended
Was onely to obtain,
But when the Charm is ended
The Charmer you diſdain.
Your Love by ours we meaſure
Till we have loſt our Treaſure,
But Dying is a Pleaſure,
When Living is a Pain.

Re-enter Torriſmond.

Tor. Still ſhe is here, and ſtill I cannot ſpeak;
But wander like ſome diſcontend Ghoſt
That oft appears, but is forbid to talke. [*Going again.*
Queen, O, *Torriſmond*, if you reſolve my Death,
You need no more but to go hence again;
Will you not ſpeak?
Tor. I cannot.
Qu. Speak! oh, ſpeak!

Your Anger wou'd be kinder than your Silence.

Tor. Oh!

Queen, Do not ſigh, or tell me why you ſigh?

Tor. Why do I live, ye Powers?

Qu. Why do I live, to hear you ſpeak that word?
Some black-mouth'd Villain has defam'd my Vertue.

Tor. No! No! Pray let me go.

Queen, *(kneeling)* You ſhall not goe:
By all the Pleaſures of our Nuptial-bed,
If ever I was lov'd, though now I 'm not,
By theſe true Tears, which from my wounded Heart
Bleed at my Eyes.———

Tor. Riſe.

Queen, I will never riſe,
I cannot chuſe a better place to dye.

Tor. Oh! I wou'd ſpeak, but cannot.

Queen, *(riſing)* Guilt keeps you ſilent then; you love me not:
What have I done? ye Powers, what have I done?
To ſee my Youth, my Beauty, and my Love
No ſooner gain'd, but ſlighted and betray'd:
And like a Roſe juſt gather'd from the Stalk,
But onely ſmelt, and cheaply thrown aſide
To wither on the ground.

Tere. For Heaven's ſake, Madam, moderate your Paſſion.

Queen, Why nam'ſt thou Heaven? there is no Heaven for me,
Deſpair, Death, Hell, have ſeiz'd my tortur'd Soul:
When I had rais'd his groveling Fate from ground,
To Pow'r and Love, to Empire and to Me;
When each Embrace was dearer than the firſt;
Then, then to be contemn'd; then, then thrown off;
It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd,
And loathſome: Oh! what Woman can bear Loathſome?
The Turtle flies not from his billing Mate,
He bills the cloſer: but ungratefull Man,
Baſe, barbarous Man, the more we raiſe our Love,
The more we pall, and cool, and kill his ardour.
Racks, Poiſon, Daggers, rid me but of Life;
And any Death is welcome.

Tor. Be witneſs all ye Powers that know my Heart,
I would have kept the fatal Secret hid,

But she has conquer'd, to her Ruin conquer'd:
Here, take this Paper, reade our Destinies;
Yet do not; but in kindness to your self,
Be ignorantly safe.
Qu. No! give it me,
Even though it be the Sentence of my Death.
Tor. Then see how much unhappy Love has made us.
O *Leonora!* Oh!
We two were born when sullen Planets reign'd;
When each the others Influence oppos'd,
And drew the Stars to Factions at our Birth.
Oh! better, better had it been for us
That we had never seen, or never lov'd.
Queen, There is no Faith in Heaven, if Heaven says so,
You dare not give it.
Tor. As unwillingly,
As I would reach out *Opium* to a Friend
Who lay in Torture, and desir'd to dye. [*Gives the Paper.*
But now you have it, spare my sight the pain
Of seeing what a world of Tears it cost you:
Go silently enjoy your part of Grief,
And share the sad Inheritance with me.
Queen, I have a thirsty Fevor in my Soul,
Give me but present Ease, and let me dye. *Exit* Qu. *and* Teref.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Arm, arm, my Lord, the City Bands are up,
Drums beating, Colours flying, Shouts confus'd;
All clustring in a heap, like swarming Hives,
And rising in a moment.
Tor. With design to punish *Bertran*, ahd revenge the King,
'Twas order'd so.
Lor. Then you're betray'd, my Lord.
'Tis true, they block the Castle kept by *Bertran*,
But now they cry, Down with the Palace, Fire it,
Pull out th' usurping Queen.
Tor. The Queen, *Lorenzo!* durst they name the Queen?
Lor. If railing and reproching be to name her.
Tor. O Sacrilege! Say quickly who commands
This vile blaspheming Rout?

Lor. I'm loth to tell you,
But both our Fathers thruſt 'em headlong on,
And bear down all before 'em.
Tor. Death and Hell!
Somewhat muſt be reſolv'd, and ſpeedily,
How ſayſt thou, my *Lorenzo?* darſt thou be
A Friend, and once forget thou art a Son,
To help me ſave the Queen?
Lor. (Aſide.) Let me conſider;
Bear Arms againſt my Father? he begat me;
That's true; but for whoſe ſake did he beget me?
For his own ſure enough: for me he knew not.
Oh! but ſays Conſcience: Fly in Nature's Face?
But how if Nature fly in my Face firſt?
Then Nature's the Aggreſſor: Let her look to't——
——He gave me Life, and he may take it back:——
No, that's Boys play, ſay I.——
'Tis Policy for Son and Father to take different ſides:
For then, Lands and Tenements commit no Treaſon.
(To *Tor.*) Sir, upon mature conſideration, I have found my Father
To be little better than a Rebel, and therefore I'll doe
My beſt to ſecure him for your ſake; in hope you may
Secure him hereafter for my ſake.
Tor. Put on thy utmoſt ſpeed to head the Troops
Which every moment I expect t'arrive:
Proclaim me, as I am, the lawfull King:
I need not caution thee for *Raymond*'s Life,
Though I no more muſt call him Father now.
Lor. (Aſide.) How! not call him Father?
I ſee Preferment alters a man ſtrangely,
This may ſerve me for a Uſe of Inſtruction,
To caſt off my Father when I am great.
Methought too he call'd himſelf the lawfull King;
Intimating ſweetly that he knows what's what
With our Sovereign Lady: Well, if I rout my
Father, as I hope in Heaven I ſhall, I am in a fair
Way to be a Prince of the Bloud: Farwell General; (Tawny.
I'll bring up thoſe that ſhall try what mettle there is in Orange-
[*Exit.*] (up
Tor. (at the door.) Haſt there, command the Guards be all drawn
Before

Before the Palace gate.——By Heaven, I'll face
This Tempeſt, and deſerve the Name of King.
O, *Leonora*, beauteous in thy Crimes,
Never were Hell and Heaven ſo match'd before!
Look upward, Fair, but as thou look'ſt on me;
Then all the Bleſt will begg that thou may'ſt live,
And even my Father's Ghoſt his Death forgive. [*Exit* Tor.

SCENE *The Palace-yard.*

Drums and Trumpets within.

Enter Raymond, Alphonſo, Pedro, *and their Party.*

Raym. Now, valiant Citizens, the time is come
To ſhow your Courage and your Loyalty:
You have a Prince of *Sancho*'s Royal Bloud,
The Darling of the Heavens and Joy of Earth;
When he's produc'd, as ſoon he ſhall, among you;
Speak, what will you adventure to re-ſeat him
Upon his Father's Throne?
Omn. Our Lives and Fortunes.
Raym. What then remains to perfect our Succeſs,
But o'er the Tyrant's Guards to force our way?
Omn. Lead on, Lead on.

Drums and Trumpets on the other Side.

Enter Torriſmond *and his Party: as they are going to fight, he ſpeaks.*

Tor. to his, Hold, hold your Arms.
Raym. to his, Retire.
Alph. What means this Pauſe?
Ped. Peace: Nature works within them. [Tor. & Ray. *go apart.*
Tor. How comes it, good old Man, that we two meet
On theſe harſh terms! thou very reverend Rebel?
Thou venerable Traitor, in whoſe Face
And hoary Hairs Treaſon is ſanctified;
And Sin's black dy ſeems blanch'd by Age to Vertue.
Raym. What Treaſon is it to redeem my King,
And to reform the State?

Tor. That's

Tor. That's a ſtale Cheat,
The primitive Rebel, *Lucifer*, firſt us'd it,
And was the firſt Reformer of the Skyes.
Raym. What if I ſee my Prince miſtake a Poiſon,
Call it a Cordial? Am I then a Traitor,
Becauſe I hold his Hand or break the Glaſs?
Tor. How darſt thou ſerve thy King againſt his Will?
Raym. Becauſe 'tis then the onely time to ſerve him.
Tor. I take the blame of all upon my ſelf,
Diſcharge thy weight on me.
Raym. O, never, never!
Why, 'tis to leave a Ship toſt in a Tempeſt
Without the Pilot's Care.
Tor. I'll puniſh thee,
By Heaven, I will, as I wou'd puniſh Rebels,
Thou ſtubborn loyal Man.
Raym. Firſt let me ſee
Her puniſht who miſleads you from your Fame,
Then burn me, hack me, hew me into pieces,
And I ſhall dye well pleas'd.
Tor. Proclaim my Title,
To ſave the effuſion of my Subjects Bloud, and thou ſhalt ſtill
Be as my Foſter-father near my Breaſt,
And next my *Leonora*.
Raym. That word ſtabs me.
You ſhall be ſtill plain *Torriſmond* with me,
Th' Abetter, Partner, (if you like that name,)
The Husband of a Tyrant, but no King;
Till you deſerve that Title by your Juſtice.
Tor. Then, farwell Pity, I will be obey'd.
(To the People.) Hear, you miſtaken Men, whoſe Loyalty
Runs headlong into Treaſon: See your Prince,
In me behold your murther'd *Sancho*'s Son;
Diſmiſs your Arms; and I forgive your Crimes.
Raym. Believe him not; he raves; his words are looſe
As heaps of Sand, and ſcattering, wide from ſenſe.
He knows not me, his natural Father;
ming to poſſeſs th' uſurping Queen,
mounted in his Aiery hopes,
got into his Head,

And

And turns his Brains to Frenzy.

Tor. Hear me yet, I am———

Raym. Fall on, fall on, and hear him not:
But ſpare his Perſon for his Father's ſake.

Ped. Let me come, if he be mad, I have that ſhall cure him.
There's no Surgeon in all *Arragon* has ſo much
Dexterity as I have at breathing of the Temple-vein.

Tor. My Right for me.

Raym. Our Liberty for us.

Omn. Liberty, Liberty,——— [*As they are ready to fight.*

Enter Lorenzo *and his Party.*

Lor. On forfeit of your Lives lay down your Arms.

Alph. How, Rebel, art thou there?

Lor. Take your Rebel back again Father mine.
The beaten Party are Rebels to the Conquerours.
I have been at hard-head with your butting Citizens;
I have routed your Herd; I have diſperſt them;
And now they are retreated quietly,
From their extraordinary Vocation of Fighting in
The Streets, to their ordinary Vocation of Cozening
In their Shops.

Tor. to *Raym.* You ſee 'tis vain contending with the Truth,
Acknowledge what I am.

Raym. You are my King: wou'd you wou'd be your own;
But by a fatal fondneſs you betray
Your Fame and Glory to th' Uſurper's Bed:
Enjoy the Fruits of Bloud and Parricide,
Take your own Crown from *Leonora's* Gift,
And hug your Father's Murtherer in your Arms.

Enter Queen *and* Tereſa: *Women.*

Alph. No more: behold the Queen.

Raym. Behold the *Baſilisk* of *Torriſmond*,
That kills him with her eyes, I will ſpeak on,
My Life is of no further uſe to me:
I would have chaffer'd it before for Vengeance:
Now let it go for Failing.

Tor. (*Aſide.*) My Heart ſinks in me while I hear him ſpeak,
And every ſlackn'd fiber drops its hold,

Like Nature letting down the Springs of Life:
So much the Name of Father aws me ſtill.
Send off the Crowd: (mands.
For you, now I have conquer'd, I can hear with honour your De-
Lor. to *Alph.* Now, Sir, who proves the Traitor? My Conſcience
Is true to me, it alwaies whiſpers right when
I have my Regiment to back it.

[*Exeunt omnes præter* Tor. Ray. Leon.

Tor. O *Leonora!* what can Love do more?
I have oppos'd your ill Fate to the utmoſt:
Combated Heaven and Earth to keep you mine:
And yet at laſt that Tyrant, Juſtice! Oh ——

Queen, 'Tis paſt, 'tis paſt: and Love is ours no more:
Yet I complain not of the Powers above;
They made m'a Miſer's feaſt of Happineſs,
And cou'd not furniſh out another meal.
Now, by yon' Stars, by Heaven, and Earth, and Men;
By all my Foes at once; I ſwear, my *Torriſmond*,
That to have had you mine for one ſhort day
Has cancell'd half my mighty ſum of Woes:
Say but you hate me not.

Tor. I cannot hate you.

Raym. Can you not? ſay that once more;
That all the Saints may witneſs it againſt you.

Queen, Cruel *Raymond!*
Can he not puniſh me but he muſt hate?
O! 'tis not Juſtice, but a brutal Rage,
Which hates th' Offender's perſon with his Crimes:
I have enough to overwhelm one Woman,
To loſe a Crown and Lover in a day:
Let Pity lend a Tear when Rigour ſtrikes.

Raym. Then, then you ſhould have thought of Tears and Pity,
When Vertue, Majeſty, and hoary Age
Pleaded for *Sancho*'s Life.

Qu. My future days ſhall be one whole Contrition;
A Chapel will I build with large Endowment,
Where every day an hundred aged men
Shall all hold up their wither'd hands to Heaven,
To pardon *Sancho*'s Death.

Tor. See, *Raymond*, ſee: ſhe makes a large amends:

Sancho

Sancho is dead: no puniſhment of her
Can raiſe his cold ſtiff limbs from the dark Grave;
Nor can his bleſſed Soul look down from Heaven;
Or break th' eternal Sabbath of his Reſt,
To ſee with Joy her Miſeries on Earth.

Raym. Heaven may forgive a Crime to Penitence,
For Heaven can judge if Penitence be true;
But man, who knows not Hearts, ſhould make Examples;
Which like a Warning-piece muſt be ſhot off,
To fright the reſt from Crimes.

Queen, Had I but known that *Sancho* was his Father,
I would have pour'd a Deluge of my Bloud
To ſave one Drop of his.

Tor. Mark that, Inexorable *Raymond* mark!
'Twas fatal Ignorance that caus'd his Death.

Raym. What if ſhe did not know he was your Father?
She knew he was a Man, the Beſt of men,
Heaven's Image double ſtampt, as Man and King.

Qu. He was, he was, ev'n more than you can ſay,
But yet———

Raym. But yet you barbarouſly murther'd him.

Queen, He will not hear me out!

Tor. Was ever Criminal forbid to plead?
Curb your ill manner'd Zeal.

Raym. Sing to him *Syren*;
For I ſhall ſtop my Ears: now mince the Sin,
And mollifie Damnation with a Phraſe:
Say you conſented not to *Sancho's* Death,
But barely not forbad it.

Qu. Hard hearted Man, I yield my guilty cauſe,
But all my Guilt was caus'd by too much Love.
Had I for Jealouſie of Empire ſought
Good *Sancho's* Death, *Sancho* had dy'd before.
'Twas alwaies in my Power to take his Life:
But Intereſt never could my Conſcience blind
Till Love had caſt a miſt before my Eyes;
And made me think his Death the onely means
Which could ſecure my Throne to *Torriſmond*.

Tor. Never was fatal Miſchief meant ſo kind,
For all ſhe gave, has taken all away.

Malicious Pow'rs! is this to be reſtor'd?
'Tis to be worſe depos'd than *Sancho* was.
Raym. Heaven has reſtor'd you, you depoſe your ſelf:
Oh! when young Kings begin with ſcorn of Juſtice,
They make an Omen to their after Reign,
And blot their Annals in the foremoſt page.
Tor. No more; leſt you be made the firſt Example,
To ſhow how I can puniſh.
Raym. Once again:
Let her be made your Father's Sacrifice,
And after make me her's.
Tor. Condemn a Wife!
That were to attone for Parricide with Murther!
Raym. Then let her be divorc'd! we'll be content
With that poor ſcanty Juſtice: Let her part.
Tor. Divorce! that's worſe than Death, 'tis Death of Love.
Queen, The Soul and Body part not with ſuch Pain
As I from you: but yet 'tis juſt, my Lord:
I am th' Accurſt of Heaven, the Hate of Earth,
Your Subjects Deteſtation, and your Ruin:
And therefore fix this doom upon my ſelf.
Tor. Heav'n! Can you wiſh it? to be mine no more!
Queen, Yes, I can wiſh it as the deareſt Proof
And laſt that I can make you of my Love.
To leave you bleſt I would be more accurſt
Than Death can make me; for Death ends our Woes,
And the kind Grave ſhuts up the mournfull Scene:
But I would live without you; to be wretched long;
And hoard up every moment of my life,
To lengthen out the Payment of my Tears,
Till ev'n fierce *Raymond*, at the laſt, ſhall ſay,
Now let her dye, for ſhe has griev'd enough.
Tor. Hear this, hear this thou Tribune of the People:
Thou zealous, publick Bloud-hound hear, and melt.
Raym. (Aſide.) I could cry now, my Eyes grow womaniſh,
But yet my Heart holds out.
Queen, Some ſolitary Cloiſter will I chuſe,
And there with holy Virgins live immur'd:
Courſe my Attire, and ſhort ſhall be my Sleep,
Broke by the melancholy midnight Bell:

Now,

Now, *Raymond*, now be ſatisfied at laſt.
Faſting and Tears, and Penitence and Prayer
Shall doe dead *Sancho* Juſtice every hour.
Raym. (*Aſide.*) By your leave, Manhood! [*Wipes his Eyes.*
Tor. He weeps, now he's vanquiſh'd.
Raym. No! 'Tis a ſalt rheum that ſcalds my Eyes.
Qu. If he were vanquiſh'd, I am ſtill unconquer'd,
I'll leave you in the height of all my Love,
Ev'n when my Heart is beating out its way,
And ſtruggles to you moſt.
Farwell, a laſt Farwell! My dear, dear Lord
Remember me; ſpeak, *Raymond*, will you let him?
Shall he remember *Leonora*'s Love,
And ſhed a parting Tear to her Misfortunes?
Raym. (*Almoſt crying.*) Yes, yes, he ſhall, pray goe.
Tor. Now, By my Soul, ſhe ſhall not goe: why, *Raymond*,
Her every Tear is worth a Father's Life;
Come to my Arms, come, my fair Penitent,
Let us not think what future Ills may fall,
But drink deep Draughts of Love, and loſe 'em all.
[*Exit* Tor. *with the* Queen.
Raym. No matter yet, he has my Hook within him,
Now let him friſk and flownce and run and rowle,
And think to break his hold. He toils in vain:
This Love, the Bait he gorg'd ſo greedily,
Will make him ſick, and then I have him ſure.

Enter Alphonſo, *and* Pedro.

Alph. Brother, there's News from *Bertran*; he deſires
Admittance to the King, and cryes aloud,
This day ſhall end our Fears of Civil War:
For his ſafe Conduct he entreats your Preſence,
And begs you would be ſpeedy.
Raym. Though I loath
The Traitor's ſight, I'll go: Attend us here. [*Exit* Ray.

Enter Gomez, Elvira, Dominic, *with Officers, to make the Stage as full as poſſible.*

Pedro. Why, how now *Gomez*: what mak'ſt thou here with a whole Brother-hood of City Bailifs? why, thou lookeſt like *Adam*

in Paradiſe, with his guard of Beaſts about him.

Gom. Ay, and a man had need of them, Don *Pedro*: for here are the two old Seducers, a Wife and Prieſt, that's *Eve* and the Serpent, at my Elbow.

Dom. Take notice how uncharitably he talks of Church men.

Gom. Indeed you are a charitable *Belſwagger*: my Wife cry'd out Fire, Fire; and you brought out your Church-buckets, and call'd for Engines to play againſt it.

Alph. I am ſorry you are come hither to accuſe your Wife, her Education has been vertuous, her Nature mild and eaſie.

Gom. Yes! ſhe's eaſie with a Vengeance, there's a certain Colonel has found her ſo.

Alph. She came a ſpotleſs Virgin to your Bed.

Gom. And ſhe's a ſpotleſs Virgin ſtill for me—ſhe's never the worſe for my wearing, I'll take my Oath on't: I have liv'd with her with all the Innocence of a Man of Threeſcore; like a peaceable Bedfellow as I am——

Elvi. Indeed, Sir, I have no reaſon to complain of him for diſturbing of my Sleep.

Dom. A fine Commendation you have given your ſelf; the Church did not marry you for that.

Pedro, Come, come, your Grievances, your Grievances.

Dom. Why, Noble Sir, I'll tell you.

Gom. Peace Fryar! and let me ſpeak firſt. I am the Plaintiff. Sure you think you are in the Pulpit where you preach by hours.

Dom. And you edifie by minutes.

Gom. Where you make Doctrins for the People, and Uſes and Applications for your ſelves.

Pedro, *Gomez*, give way to the old Gentleman in black.

Gom. No! the t'other old Gentleman in black ſhall take me if I do! I will ſpeak firſt! nay, I will, Fryar! for all your *Verbum Sacerdotis*, I'll ſpeak truth in few words, and then you may come afterwards, and lye by the clock as you uſe to doe. For, let me tell you, Gentlemen, he ſhall lye and forſwear himſelf with any Fryar in all *Spain*: that's a bold word now——

Dom. Let him alone: let him alone: I ſhall fetch him back with a *Circum-bendibus* I warrant him.

Alph. Well, What have you to ſay againſt your Wife, *Gomez*?

Gom. Why, I ſay, in the firſt place, that I and all men are married for our Sins, and that our Wives are a Judgement; that a Batch-

elour-

elour-cobler is a happier man than a Prince in Wedlock; that we are all viſited with a Houſhold Plague, and, *Lord have mercy upon us* ſhould be written on all our doors.

Dom. Now he reviles Marriage which is one of the ſeven bleſſed Sacraments.

Gom. 'Tis liker one of the ſeven deadly Sins: but make your beſt on't, I care not: 'tis but binding a man Neck and Heels for all that! But as for my Wife, that *Crocodile* of *Nilus*, ſhe has wickedly and traiterouſly conſpir'd the Cuckoldom of me her anointed Sovereign Lord: and, with the help of the aforeſaid Fryar, whom Heaven confound, and, with the Limbs of one Colonel *Hernando*, Cuckold-maker of this City, deviliſhly contriv'd to ſteal herſelf away, and under her Arm felonioufly to bear one Casket of Diamonds, Pearls, and other Jewels, to the Value of 30000 Piſtols. Guilty, or Not guilty; how ſaieſt thou Culprit?

Dom. Falſe and ſcandalous! Give me the Book. I'll take my corporal Oath pointblank againſt every particular of this Charge.

Elvi. And ſo will I.

Dom. As I was walking in the Streets, telling my Beads, and praying to my ſelf, according to my uſual cuſtom, I heard a foul Out-cry before *Gomez* his Portal; and his Wife, my Penitent, making dolefull Lamentations: Thereupon, making what haſte my Limbs would ſuffer me, that are crippl'd with often kneeling, I ſaw him Spurning and Fiſting her moſt unmercifully; whereupon, uſing Chriſtian Arguments with him to deſiſt, he fell violently upon me, without reſpect to my Sacerdotal Orders, puſht me from him, and turn'd me about with a Finger and a Thumb, juſt as a Man would ſet up a Top. Mercy, quoth I. Damme, quoth he. And ſtill continued Labouring me, till a good minded Colonel came by, whom, as Heaven ſhall ſave me, I had never ſeen before.

Gom. O Lord! O Lord!

Dom. Ay, and, O Lady! O Lady too! I redouble my Oath, I had never ſeen him. Well, this Noble Colonel, like a true Gentleman, was for taking the weaker part you may be ſure—whereupon this *Gomez* flew upon him like a Dragon, got him down, the Devil being ſtrong in him, and gave him Baſtinado on Baſtinado, and Buffet upon Buffet, which the poor, meek Colonel, being proſtrate, ſuffered with a moſt Chriſtian Patience.

Gom. Who? he meek? I'm ſure I quake at the very thought of him.

him; why, he's as fierce as *Rhodomont*, he made Aſſault and Battery upon my Perſon, beat me into all the colours of the Rainbow. And every word this abominable Prieſt has utter'd is as falſe as the *Alcoran*. But if you want a thorough pac'd Lyar that will ſwear through thick and thin, commend me to a Fryar.

Enter Lorenzo, *who comes behind the Company, and ſtands at his Father's back unſeen, over againſt* Gomez.

Lor. (*Aſide.*) How now! What's here to doe? my Cauſe a trying, as I live, and that before my own Father: now Fourſcore take him for an old bawdy Magiſtrate, that ſtands like the Picture of Madam Juſtice, with a pair of Scales in his Hand, to weigh Lechery by Ounces.

Alph. Well—but all this while, who is this Colonel *Hernando*?

Gom. He's the Firſt-begotten of *Beelzebub*, with a Face as terrible as *Demogorgon*.

{Lorenzo *peeps up over* Alph. *head, and ſtares at* Gomez.

No! I lye, I lye:
He's a very proper, handſom fellow! well proportion'd, and clean ſhap'd, with a Face like a Cherubin.

Ped. What, backward and forward *Gomez*? doſt thou hunt counter?

Alph. Had this Colonel any former Deſign upon your Wife? for, if that be prov'd, you ſhall have Juſtice.

Gom. (*Aſide.*) Now I dare ſpeak; let him look as dreadfully as he will. I ſay, Sir, and I will prove it, that he had a leud Deſign upon her Body, and attempted to corrupt her Honeſty.

[Lor. *lifts up his Fiſt clench'd at him.*

I confeſs my Wife was as willing—as himſelf; and, I believe, 'twas ſhe corrupted him: for I have known him formerly a very civil and modeſt perſon.

Elvi. You ſee, Sir, he contradicts himſelf at every word: he's plainly mad.

Alph. Speak boldly man! and ſay what thou wilt ſtand by: did he ſtrike thee?

Gom. I will ſpeak boldly: He ſtruck me on the Face before my own threſhold, that the very walls cry'd ſhame on him.

[Lor. *holds up again.*

'Tis

'Tis true, I gave him Provocation, for the man's as peaceable a Gentleman as any is in all *Spain*.

Dom. Now the Truth comes out in ſpight of him.

Ped. I believe the Fryar has bewitch'd him.

Alph. For my part, I ſee no wrong that has been offer'd him.

Gom. How? no wrong? why, he raviſh'd me with the help of two Souldiers, carried me away *vi & armis*, and would have put me into a Plot againſt the Government. [Lor. *holds up again.*

I confeſs, I never could endure the Government, becauſe it was Tyrannical: but my Sides and Shoulders are Black and Blew, as I can ſtrip, and ſhew the Marks of 'em. [Lor. *again.*

But that might happen too by a Fall that I got yeſterday upon the Pebbles. [*All laugh.*

Dom. Freſh Straw, and a dark Chamber: a moſt manifeſt Judgment, there never comes better of railing againſt the Church.

Gom. Why, what will you have me ſay? I think you'll make me mad: Truth has been at my Tongue's end this half hour, and I have not power to bring it out for fear of this bloudy minded Colonel.

Alph. What Colonel?

Gom. Why, my Colonel: I mean, my Wife's Colonel that appears there to me like my *malus genius*, and terrifies me.

Alph. (Turning.) Now you are mad indeed, *Gomez*; this is my Son *Lorenzo*.

Gom. How! your Son *Lorenzo!* it is impoſſible.

Alph. As true as your Wife *Elvira* is my Daughter.

Lor. What, have I taken all this pains about a Siſter?

Gom. No, you have taken ſome about me: I am ſure, if you are her Brother, my Sides can ſhew the Tokens of our Alliance.

Alph. to *Lor.* You know I put your Siſter into a Nunnery, with a ſtrict Command, not to ſee you, for fear you ſhould have wrought upon her to have taken the Habit, which was never my Intention; and conſequently, I married her without your knowledge, that it might not be in your power to prevent it.

Elvi. You ſee, Brother, I had a natural affection to you.

Lor. What a delicious Harlot have I loſt! Now, Pox upon me, for being ſo near akin to thee.

Elvi. However, we are both beholding to Fryar *Dominic*, the Church is an indulgent Mother, ſhe never fails to doe her part.

Dom. Heaven! what will become of me?

Gom. Why, you are not like to trouble Heaven; thoſe fat Guts were never made for mounting.

Lor. I ſhall make bold to diſburthen him of my hundred Piſtols, to make him the lighter for his Journey: Indeed, 'tis partly out of Conſcience, that I may not be acceſſary to his breaking his Vow of Poverty.

Alphon. I have no ſecular Power to reward the Pains you have taken with my Daughter: But I ſhall do't by Proxy, Fryar, your Biſhop's my Friend, and is too honeſt to let ſuch as you infect a Cloiſter.

Gom. Ay, doe Father-in-law, let him be ſtript of his Habit, and diſorder'd——I would fain ſee him walk in Quirpo, like a cas'd Rabbit, without his holy Fur upon his Back, that the World may once behold the inſide of a Fryar.

Dom. Farwell, kind Gentlemen: I give you all my Bleſſing before I go——

May your Siſters, Wives, and Daughters, be ſo naturally lewd, that they may have no occaſion for a Devil to tempt, or a Fryar to pimp for 'em. [*Exit, with a Rabble puſhing him.*

Enter Torriſmond, Leonora, Bertran, Raymond, Tereſa, &c.

Tor. He lives! he lives! my Royal Father lives!
Let every one partake the general Joy.
Some Angel with a golden Trumpet ſound,
King *Sancho* lives! and let the echoing skies
From Pole to Pole reſound, King *Sancho* lives.
O *Bertran*, ô! no more my Foe, but, Brother:
One act like this blots out a thouſand Crimes.

Bertr. Bad men, when 'tis their Intereſt, may doe good:
I muſt confeſs, I counſel'd *Sancho*'s Murther;
And urg'd the Queen by ſpecious Arguments:
But ſtill, ſuſpecting that her Love was chang'd,
I ſpread abroad the Rumour of his Death,
To ſound the very Soul of her Deſigns:
Th' Event you know was anſwering to my Fears:
She threw the *Odium* of the Fact on me,
And publickly avow'd her Love to you.

Raym. Heaven guided all to ſave the Innocent.

Bert. I plead no Merit, but a bare Forgiveneſs.

Tor. Not onely that, but Favour: *Sancho*'s Life,

Whether

Whether by Vertue or Design preserv'd,
Claims all within my power.
Queen, My Prayers are heard;
And I have nothing farther to desire,
But *Sancho*'s leave to authorize our Marriage.
Tor. Oh! fear not him! Pity and he are one;
So mercifull a King did never live;
Loth to revenge, and easie to forgive:
But let the bold Conspirator beware,
For Heaven makes Princes its peculiar Care. [*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

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EPILOGUE,

By a Friend of the Author's.

THere's none I'am ſure, who is a Friend to Love,
But will our Fryar's Character approve:
The ableſt Spark among you ſometimes needs
Such pious help for charitable Deeds.
Our Church, alas! (as Rome *objects) does want*
Theſe Ghoſtly Comforts for the falling Saint:
This gains them their Whore-Converts, and may be
One Reaſon of the Growth of Popery.
So Mahomet's *Religion came in faſhion,*
By the large leave it gave to Fornication.
Fear not the guilt, if you can pay for't well,
There is no Dives in the Roman *Hell.*
Gold opens the ſtrait gate, and lets him in;
But want of money is a mortal ſin.
For all beſides you may diſcount to Heaven,
And drop a Bead to keep the Tallies even.
How are men cozen'd ſtill with ſhows of good!
The Baud's beſt Mask is the grave Fryar's Hood.
Though Vice no more a Clergy-man diſpleaſes,
Than Doctors can be thought to hate Diſeaſes:
'Tis by your living ill that they live well,
By your Debauches their fat Paunches ſwell.
'Tis a mock-war between the Prieſt and Devil,
When they think fit, they can be very civil.
As ſome who did French *Counſels moſt advance,*
To blind the World, have rail'd in Print at France.
Thus do the Clergy at your Vices bawl,
That with more eaſe they may engroſs them all.
By damning yours, they do their own maintain.
A Church-man's godlineſs is alwaies gain.
Hence to their Prince they will ſuperiour be;
And civil Treaſon grows Church-Loyalty:
They boaſt the gift of Heaven is in their power;
Well may they give the God they can devour.
Still to the ſick and dead their claims they lay;
For 'tis on Carrion that the Vermin prey.
Nor have they leſs Dominion on our Life,
They trot the Husband, and they pace the Wife.
Rouze up you Cuckolds of the Northern climes,
And learn from Sweden *to prevent ſuch crimes.*
Unman the Fryar, And leave the holy Drone
To hum in his forſaken Hive alone;
He'll work no Honey when his ſting is gone.
Your Wives and Daughters ſoon will leave the Cells,
When they have loſt the ſound of Aaron's *Bells.*

FINIS.